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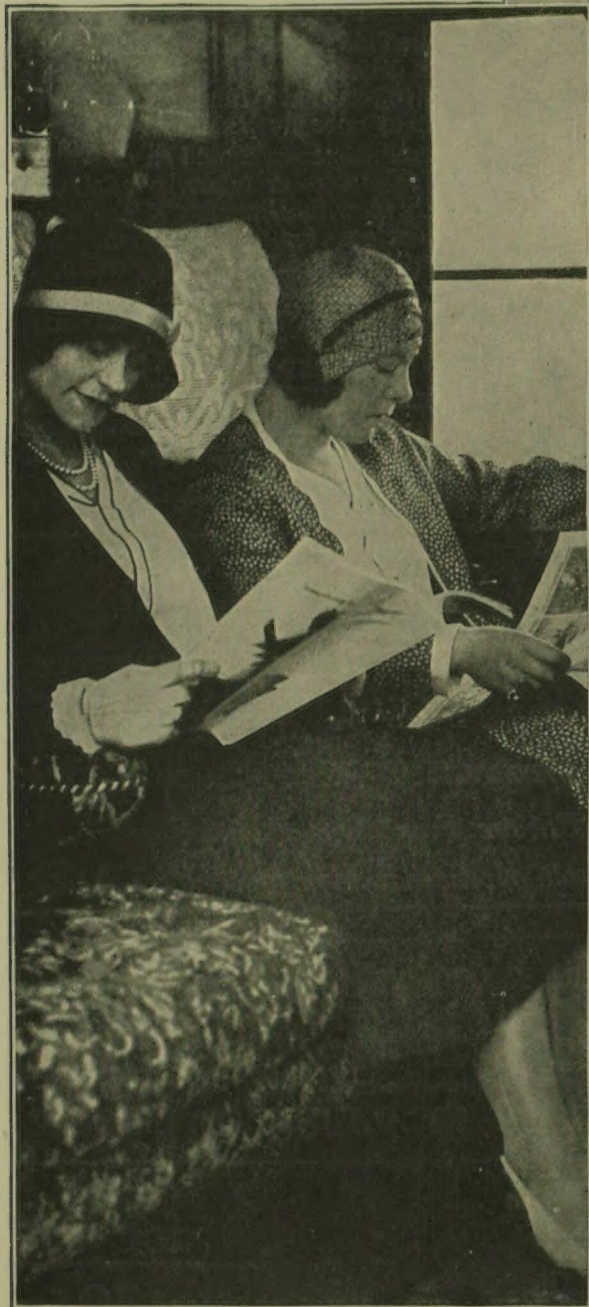
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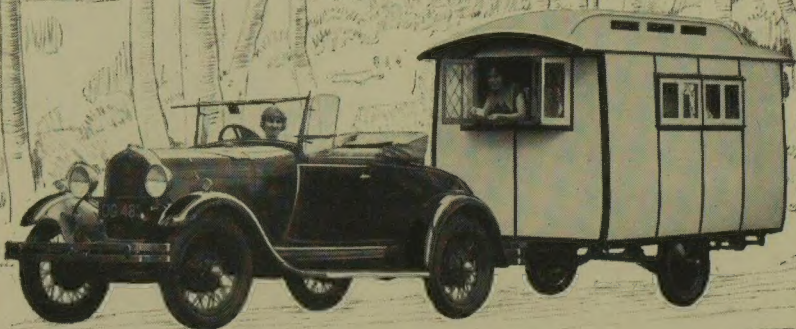
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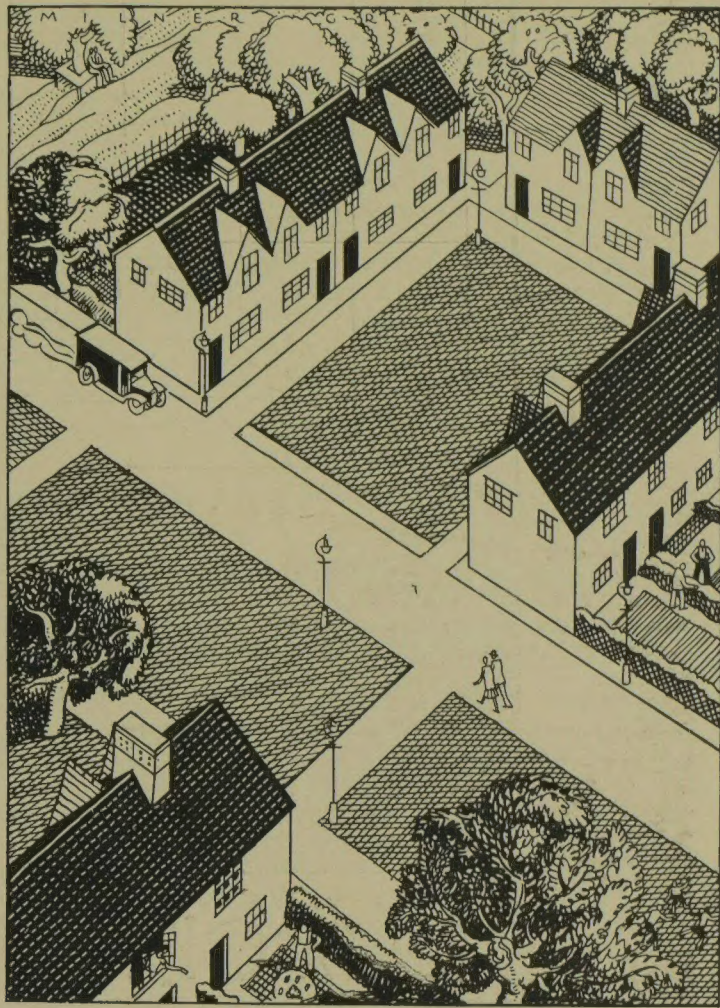
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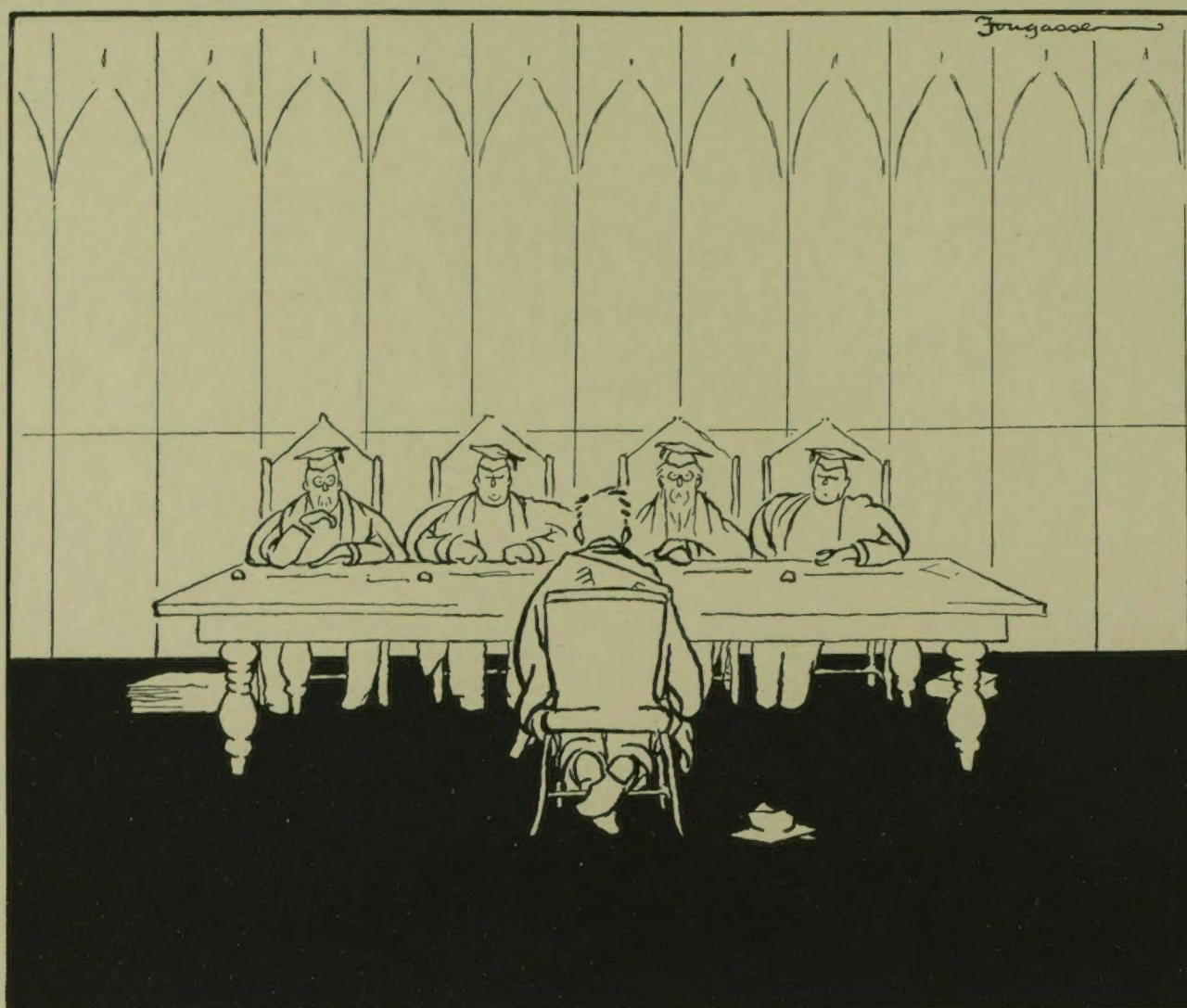
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# MOMENTS OF MISERY



## "NO SMOKING — NOT EVEN ABDULLAS"

THE VIVA.

The waiting

The frantic efforts to remember what you never knew.

The sorrow that you didn't look up what you didn't look up.

The sorrow that you didn't look up again what you did look up.

The success of the examiners in making you ill at ease by the simple process of putting you at your ease.

What do you know of . . . . something you've never heard of, and if so, why?

What is your opinion of . . . . something you've no opinion of whatever, and dare you ask them to spell it?

The surprised silence when you just for once answer correctly, although you don't know you've done so.

The futile attempts to hedge.

The quite justified fear of the next question.

The suspense.

The misery.

AND

## WORST OF ALL — NO ABDULLAS!

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1930.

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## THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: DRIVER MISS MARJORIE ELAINE FOSTER CHAISED AFTER HER SUCCESS, "A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF RIFLE-SHOOTING."

Driver Marjorie Elaine Foster, Women's Legion, a member of the South London Rifle Club, won the King's Prize at Bisley on July 19, with a score of 280. Lieut. A. Eccles was second, with a total of 279. Miss Foster began to handle a small-bore rifle when she was eight—she is now thirty-seven—but it was only five years ago that she again began to shoot regularly—with a Service rifle—under the instruction of Sergt. G. E. Fulton, the gunsmith who won the Gold Medal in 1888. Since 1921 she has been a poultry farmer at Frimley, Surrey.

with Miss Badcock, who entered for the King's Prize in 1926 as a Driver in the R.A.S.C. Her original profession was that of a sculptor. During the Great War, she did duties which enabled her to enter for the King's Prize, which is open to all past and present members of his Majesty's Forces. The King wired: "I most heartily congratulate Miss M. E. Foster on winning my prize, and that she should have done so is a wonderful achievement in the history of rifle-shooting, and as such will be universally acclaimed."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was a man of whom I never spoke except with personal respect when he was alive, and I certainly should not speak of him disrespectfully so soon after he was dead. But I protest when some of his followers or representatives seize on the occasion of his death to attack other people and other traditions, in the crudest and rowdiest style. We might well be tempted to forget that we are at a funeral, when mourners want to turn it into a dispute. The person who has the best right to answer for Sir Arthur and his views has written to the daily press, not about his views, still less about his virtues, but about the vices of the various bodies that ventured to differ from him. The letter in question actually starts, not with any reference to the distinguished Spiritualist, or to the doctrines of Spiritualism, but in the following abrupt and cheery fashion.

"Sir,—By their fruits shall ye know them. . . . The fruits of the Churches have been the most ghastly wars, where millions have been killed. At the present time every nation is turning its most scientific brains to the discovery of poison gases which will destroy some other nation. . . . Let them get back to the simple, beautiful teaching of Christ, and scrap the gorgeous camouflage so often used to hide the emptiness behind, and then," etc., etc.

I have read all this before, I confess, a considerable number of times; but I will also confess that I have a kind of private vow, or understanding with myself, that I will not let it pass without some sort of protest in the name of history and human reason. The fact that stupidity has become stale to the readers does not seem to prevent its being eternally fresh to the writers. Confused conceptions, of the sort packed into that paragraph, are still being unloaded upon the public every day, and are choking its intellectual life with lumber. Such writers do not know what they mean by the Churches; they do not know the real historical relation between any Churches and any wars; they cannot even see the fact which they themselves make obvious; the real historical relation between modern secular science and those wars. I do not know which of the Churches is responsible for which of the chemical formulas. I do not know whether Martin Luther invented mustard gas, or George Fox manufactured tear-shells, or St. Thomas Aquinas devised a stink-bomb producing suffocation. But I should rather fancy, in my ignorant and artless way, that these things were invented by modern scientists, most of whom were probably modern materialists. There is no doubt at all that they were produced specially and solely in the one historical epoch given over to scientific materialism. What is perhaps even more important, it was the one and only historic epoch given over avowedly and systematically to secularism. I mean it was the only epoch in which public life was ever openly and officially purged of religion; the only period in which ideas like Secular Education or Secular Ethics were accepted as just. They were not generally accepted among the old Pagans, any more than among the old Christians. Antiquity was full of scepticism, but not of secularism. The worship of the gods was always conceived as a necessary part of public life, even by some who joked about it in private life. A man like Horace might be *parvus deorum cultor et infrequens*, but he thinks

there ought to be a temple of gods for him to worship, or even of gods for him to neglect. Never until the nineteenth century was it supposed that the Church or Temple was a sort of side-show that had nothing to do with the State.

I am not arguing the advantages or disadvantages of that fact; but it is a fact that the poison gases complained of never existed until the period when "the Churches" had been practically disestablished. Many other bad things existed before, and many worse things may exist after; but I am not comparing one age with another age; I am comparing this particular style of writing with consistency and common sense. The writer chooses to pick out the example of poison

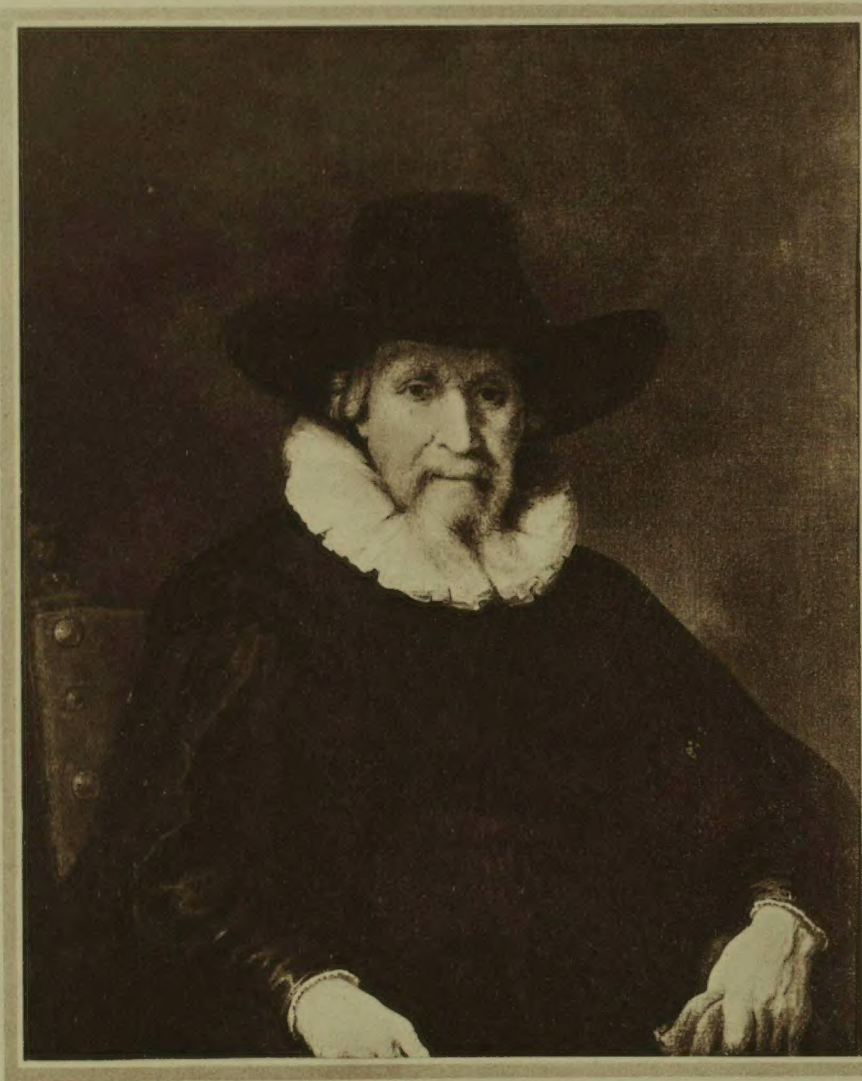
But there is another fact less familiar and obvious, which falsifies this sort of criticism. It would not indeed be conclusive against the Churches, even if they had produced the most ghastly wars; for the same authority that spoke of judging by fruits spoke also of bringing a sword, and sundering brother from brother. And, in fact, the charge is only true of religious revolutions because it is true of all revolutions. It would be equally true to say that it is true of all truths. Wars have resulted from every single secular and social ideal that was worth a button. Wars followed on the French Revolution; wars followed on the Russian Revolution; war was of the very essence of the American Revolution, and needed another war to decide what the first war had decided.

If wars are the horrid fruits of a thing called Christianity, they are also the horrid fruits of everything called citizenship and democracy and liberty and national independence; and are we to judge all these and condemn them by their fruits? The statement, I say, would not be conclusive, even if the statement were true. But the statement is not true.

The particular wars which the writer particularly describes, the "ghastly wars in which millions are killed"—those wars are quite specially and peculiarly modern wars; and the more modern they are, the more murderous they are; the more do they literally murder by the million. There has been in later ages a continuous expansion into larger and larger wars. The men who saw the Russo-Japanese War thought there had never been a war like it before, and hoped there would never be a war like it again. There was very soon afterwards a war that only differed from it in being more so. That was what is called The Great War; and social prophets of all kinds seem to agree that the next will be called The Greater War. Anyhow, such a modern war is much greater than any of the wars that can be referred to religious motives, or even religious epochs. There was a good deal of sporadic fighting in the Middle Ages; but students of mediævalism think that the actual mortality was small, by the modern standard. There was more in the seventeenth century; but I doubt whether even the Thirty Years' War was as destructive then as a Thirteen Years' War would be now. And this appalling scale of slaughter has risen, stage by stage, with what we call modern organisation and modern centralisation and modern science. I am not blaming the physical science that happens to be powerful in this age. But I do object to some-

body else blaming the clericalism that happens to be almost powerless. The broad truth about the matter is that wars have become more organised and more ghastly in the particular period of Materialism. But if we are snatching chances to sling about taunts, we might equally well call it the period of Spiritualism.

In fact, however, I am not concerned here to attack Spiritualism; or even to defend the things thus gratuitously attacked by a Spiritualist. I am concerned to attack a certain silly and slipshod mental habit of treating "the Churches" as a cockshy, at which anything can be safely thrown; a readiness to blame anybody in the past for things peculiar to the present; and to visit the sins of the children upon the fathers, to the third and fourth generation.



SOLD FOR £19,950 AT THE AUCTION OF THE SCARSDALE HEIRLOOM PICTURES AT CHRISTIE'S: "PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN"—BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

Bidding started at 4000 guineas and rose speedily, in bids of 500 guineas and upwards, to 19,000 guineas. The picture came originally from the collection of John Barnard, 1761. It was painted about 1637-38; is signed on the top-left of the canvas "Rembrandt f.;" and is 34 in. by 28 in.

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gases and to call them the fruits of the Christian Church. The writer might just as well pick out the Wall Street Slump and call it the fruit of the Moslem religion. She might just as well pick out the murderous statistics of motoring and call them the fruits of ancient Athenian democracy. Indeed these would, if anything, be more reasonable theories of causation. For at least Mahomet was never accused of turning Wall Street into a Wailing Wall; nor were Pericles and Demosthenes charged with having a prejudice against petrol. But the Christian Church was, and is, accused of hostility to science; and yet it is charged also with being responsible for anything done by science. The unfortunate ecclesiastics were first accused of having forbidden chemistry, and are now accused of all the crimes that any chemist may commit with any chemicals.

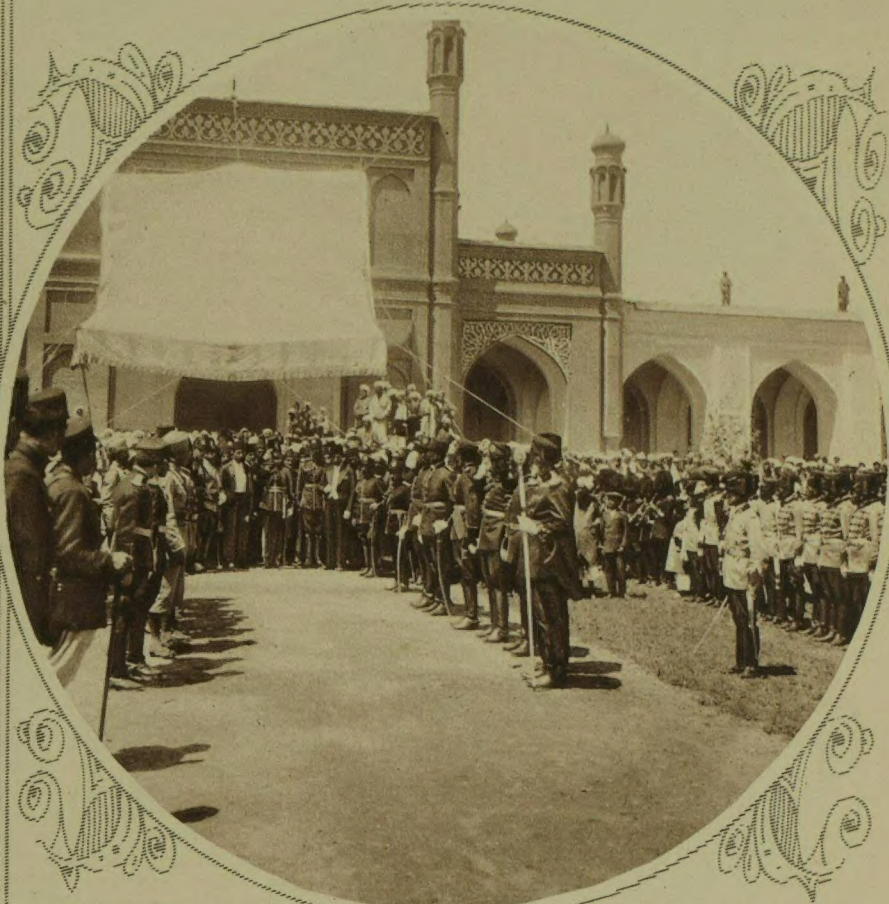


## KING NADIR KHAN'S FIRST STATE PROCESSION: AFGHAN PAGEANTRY.



ON BAKRI-ID DAY IN KABUL: HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN LEAVING DILKUSHA PALACE FOR THE MOSQUE.

On the King's right are Prince Hashim Khan, Prime Minister; Sardar Ahmed Shah Khan, Court Minister; and Sardar Abdulahed Khan, Assembly President. On his left are Hazarat Saheb-e-Shorebazar, Minister of Justice; and Prince Asadullakhan.



AFTER THE SERVICE ON BAKRI-ID DAY IN KABUL: HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN LEAVING THE "IDGAH."

On the extreme right of the photograph are seen the new Royal Bodyguards in their picturesque uniforms. Their commander, Prince Asadullakhan, is a half-brother of the ex-King Amanullah Khan, and is a nephew of the present ruler.



THE RULER OF AFGHANISTAN'S FIRST STATE PROCESSION SINCE HE WAS CALLED TO THE THRONE IN OCTOBER, 1929: HIS MAJESTY KING NADIR KHAN, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS OFFICIALS, ENTERING THE "IDGAH" FOR PRAYERS ON BAKRI-ID DAY, AN OCCASION WHICH CAUSED 125,000 PEOPLE TO GATHER IN KABUL.

The reigning King of Afghanistan, his Majesty Nadir Khan, was called to the throne on October 16, 1929, after the successful campaign against Habibullah Ghazi, who had assumed power after the abdication of King Amanullah. In view of the present restlessness in India and in the neighbourhood of the North-West Frontier, it is well to recall that, writing from Landi Khana last May, the "Times" correspondent said: "Nadir Shah, the King of Afghanistan, has no illusions about the Indian situation. The Afghan provincial authorities are, apparently, acting with commendable firmness in preventing local firebrands from blazing a fresh trail of mischief among the tribes, while Nadir Shah himself seized the opportunity

at a *jirga* (Council) held in Kabul not only to discourage any indecent curiosity in affairs on our side of the border, but to read an ingenuous homily reminding his followers of the evils attendant on revolutionary movements. His present attitude is eminently satisfactory." In any case, he has his own affairs to mind; and, as our photographs show, he is not forgetting the pageantry that is so potent in the East. The occasion of his first procession in state was Bakri-Id Day, when, accompanied by his officials, he entered the "Idgah" for prayers. The event was witnessed by a record gathering of 125,000 people collected in Kabul for the purpose, and these, needless to say, were duly impressed.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### CONCERNING SUN-FISHES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHEN we have succeeded in disfiguring the countryside to our complete satisfaction—and we seem to be displaying a most feverish energy towards this end—we shall perhaps turn our attention to the sea. But here, happily, even our most devilish human ingenuity for

among land-dwellers. And they display the same apparent contrariness. But we get no burrowing forms among the fishes comparable to the mole among land-dwellers, from which we gather there are no burrowing organisms which cannot be more easily captured when they emerge from their burrows for food or breathing-purposes.

Among fishes we find some striking adjustments to special modes of life, some of which can be matched among land-dwellers. The prehensile tails of some monkeys, for example, are found again in the sea-horses. But we cannot so easily match the diving types. Our diving-birds, for example, though profoundly modified by this mode of life, are less changed than that extraordinary fish *Orthogoriscus mola* (Fig. 1), commonly known as the "Sun-fish," by which name, however, some other fish in no wise related are also known, so that its use is confusing. One of this species was taken in June last, I am told, off the coast of Cornwall. It has, indeed, frequently been taken along the south coast of England during the summer months, and as far north as the Orkneys. Off the west coast of Ireland it is so abundant that the Arran Islanders some years ago carried on a regular fishery for it, using a harpoon or fishing spear, the attack being made as the fish lay basking in the sun, with the great dorsal fin projecting from the water. But the oil, for the sake of which the fishery existed, seems no longer to have a market value. This oil was obtained from a thick layer of blubber lying immediately under the skin.

This odd-looking creature appears to drift into our waters from the North Atlantic through the agency of the Florida Current "Gulf Stream." Full-grown specimens may exceed one ton in weight. Not, however, for its size is it remarkable so much as for its shape, which is indeed singular. For the body has the appearance of having undergone amputation of its hinder half just behind the dorsal and anal fins, between which runs a strange modification of the tail-fin.

We should, probably, still have been at a loss to explain this singular shape but for the clue obtained by Grassi and Calandrucci, some years ago, when investigating the nature of the strange fish-larvæ known as *Leptocephali*, which they later showed were early stages in the development of our fresh-water eel. They got some of their material from dead or dying specimens, apparently swept up from deep currents in the Mediterranean, and some from the stomachs of "Sun-fish." Now it was known

that there larvæ were normally found only at great depths, hence the Sun-fish could only obtain this food by diving. Yet the body of *Orthogoriscus* is by no means fitted, we should have supposed, for diving to great depths, judging by what we find in whales, wherein the transformation of the body has gone to still greater lengths.

I imagine, for so far as I know there is no direct evidence, the great triangular dorsal and anal fins are set in violent vibratory movement to act as propellers. The whale tribe make their descent by the up and down movements of the long tail and tail flukes. Larval eels, however, certainly do not form the sole diet of this fish, which are said to prey largely on jelly-fish. But the copious oil which they yield is probably derived from the small crustacea on which, like the whales, they probably chiefly feed. The pelvic fins, answering to the hind-limbs of

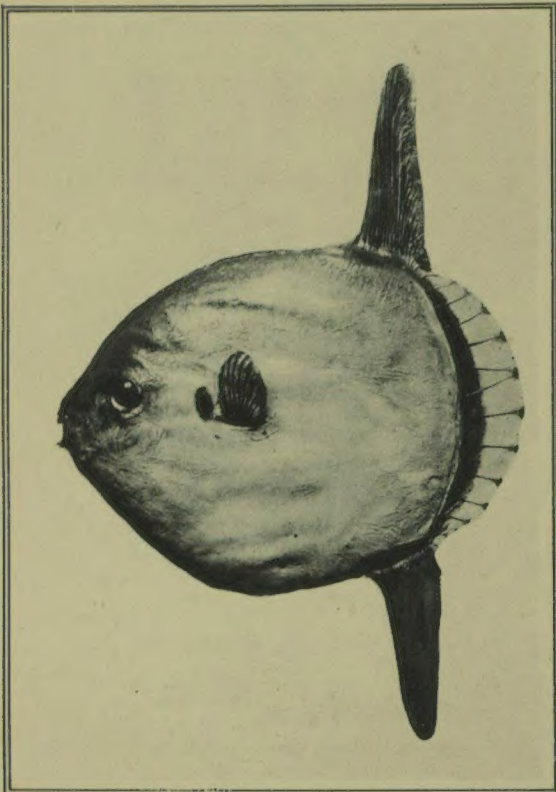


FIG. 1. THOUGHT TO BE BROUGHT TO OUR WATERS BY THE GULF STREAM: THE ROUGH SUN-FISH (*ORTHOGORISCUS MOLA*).

One or more examples of this remarkable fish are taken nearly every year in the English Channel. Off the West Coast of Ireland it is fairly common; in fact, until recently it was regularly harpooned for the sake of its oil. Holiday-makers on this coast might well keep a look-out for the sun-fish, which has a habit of lying at the surface with its dorsal fin fully exposed.

uglification cannot go very far. At least, what we may call the under-water "landscape" will remain inviolate so far as direct action is concerned. The motor-car and motor-cycle will never invade its silence: though the time may come when fast submarines will carry "sight-seers" to inspect the splendours of tropical seas. Nevertheless, our potentiality for mischief here is limited.

Our exploration of the sea, vertically, began with the famous Challenger Expedition; and the work has gone on continuously since. We have plumbed its greatest depths, tested the furthest limits of the penetration of sunlight, and measured the pressure of its abysses. We have mapped out its currents, and estimated its salinity and chemical composition. We have taken samples of the animals and plants which swarm there. But still our ignorance of the "tenantry" of the sea, and of the inter-relationships of this tenantry, from microscopic animals to whales, is immense.

From the samples we have obtained, for example, of the cuttle-fish tribe, we know that there are hundreds of species, of all sorts of shapes and sizes. They must roam the water-ways of the world in myriads, travelling in great hosts as the spring-buck and buffalo once swarmed over South Africa and America. This much we may gather from the fact that whales of many kinds, from the huge sperm-whale downwards, live almost entirely upon their succulent bodies. And these whales, before man took to "whaling" at any rate, travelled also in great hordes. But of the manners and customs of the creatures of the sea we as yet really know very little. Let me, just now, confine myself to the fishes. We have brought up from its depths, and named, thousands of species, displaying the most extraordinary differences in size, shape, and coloration. In these matters they show a range of differences as great as any which can be found among the creatures of the land. And we attribute these differences to "adjustments" to the conditions of existence. For the most part, no doubt, they are. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that the physical conditions of marine animals are more uniform than in the case of land-dwellers.

But be this as it may, the dwellers in this watery underworld display a sensitiveness to the effects of use and disuse quite as great as obtains

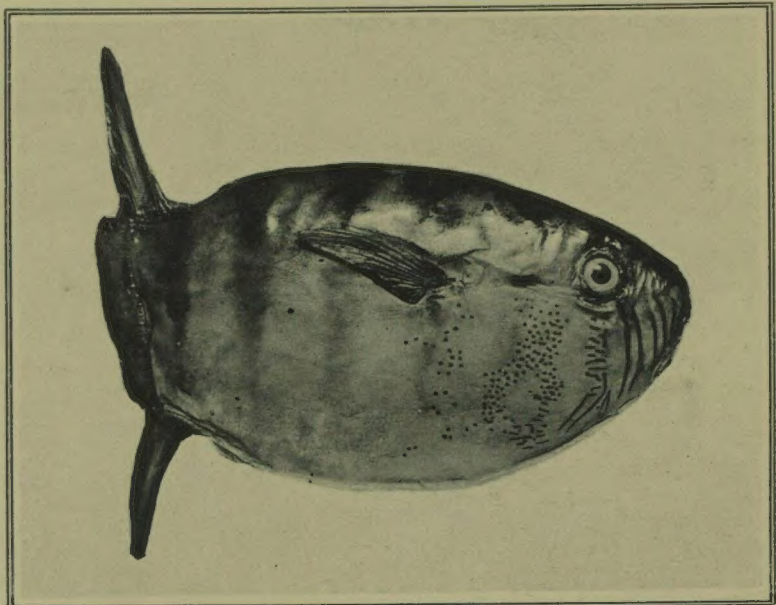


FIG. 2. ALLIED TO THE ROUGH SUN-FISH, BUT OF A GENUS WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE ONLY JUST HOLDING ITS OWN BIOLOGICALLY: THE OBLONG SUN-FISH (*RAMZANIA TRUNCATA*).

This near relation of the Rough Sun-fish is one of the rarest of fishes in collections. Little is known of its habits, but they probably do not differ in essentials from those of the Rough Sun-fish.

land animals, are, it will be noticed, absent. Here, then, is another illustration of the very different means of attaining the same end which one is constantly finding in Nature.

We can gain a clue to the source of this strange transformation when we reflect that this fish is related to those strange types, the "globe-fishes" and "box-fishes," where locomotion is effected by the vibrations of the fins. The box-fishes indeed, having the whole body encased within a solid bony cuirass, have no other means of movement. The intensive use of these fins, apparently, gradually sapped the vitality of the tail-end of the body, while its anterior half, in response to stimuli set up by this very specialised form of locomotion, gradually increased in depth.

But the interest of *Orthogoriscus mola* is not confined to its bizarre shape as an adult. Its larval stages are no less remarkable. And this because these young fish are, in their earliest known stages of development, utterly unlike the adult. For the body presents a formidable armature of great spines, while the caudal fin is like neither that of the adult nor that of ordinary fish. Later, when about 18 mm. long, they differ chiefly from the adult shape in having the body studded with small conical spines. In the adult it is covered with minute granulations which impart a roughness to the skin.

The precise number of species of *Orthogoriscus* is not known, for some doubtful forms may not, really, be specifically distinct. But there is an allied genus *Ramzania*, which differs in having a much longer body, smaller vertical fins and even more truncated appearance. It has besides a smooth, tessellated skin. Why is it that this is the rarest of fishes in collections? It may be that it keeps more to deep water and so has escaped observation, or it may be that its viability and adaptability are less, hence it never attains to large numbers. It represents a species, in short, which is just holding its own.

Did space permit I should like to say something of one or two more remarkable fishes, not even remotely related to *Orthogoriscus*, which have a body whose vertical height exceeds its length. One of these is *Psettus* from the West Coast of Africa. But here the tail is a normal tail. Little, however, seems to be known of its life-history. There are, however, so many interesting features presented by this, and one or two others, that I propose to return to this theme on another occasion.

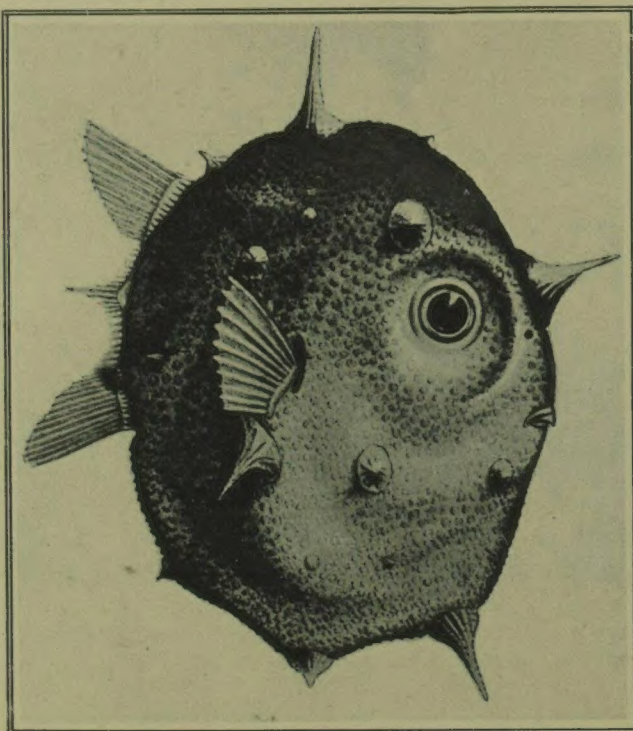
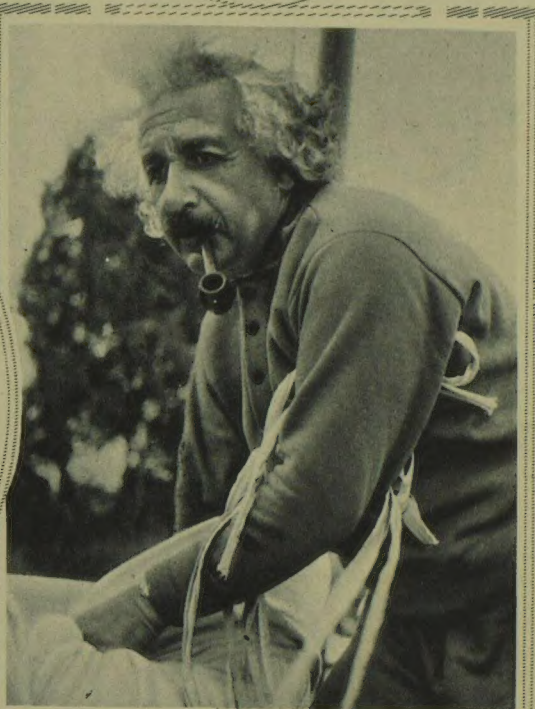
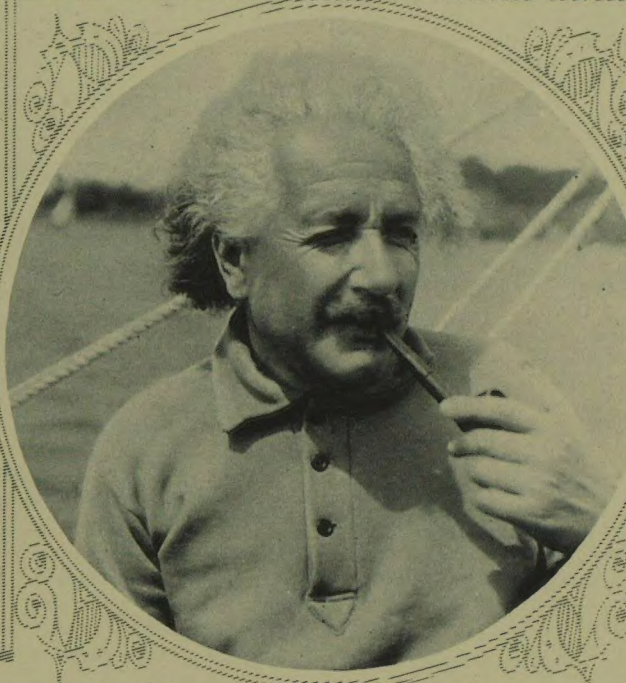
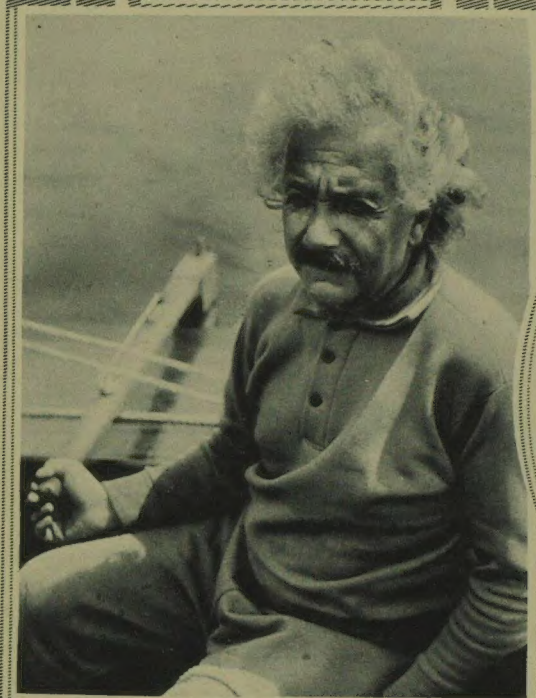
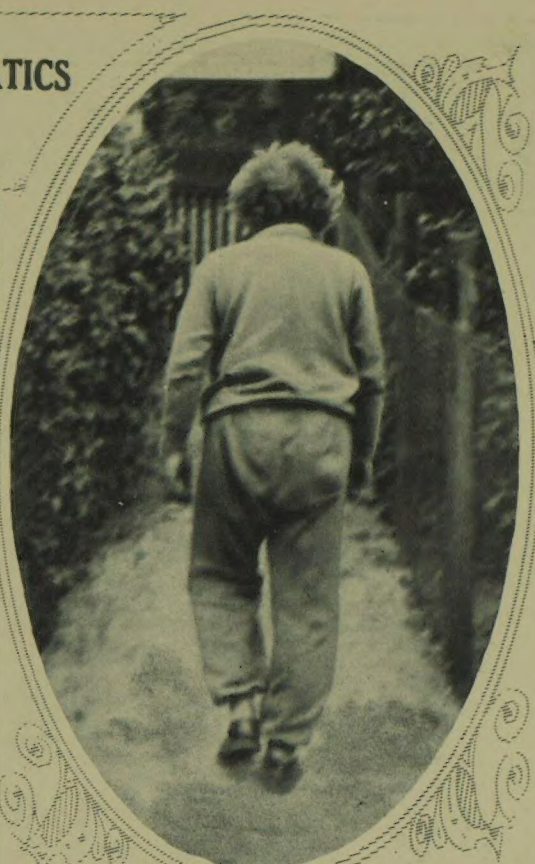
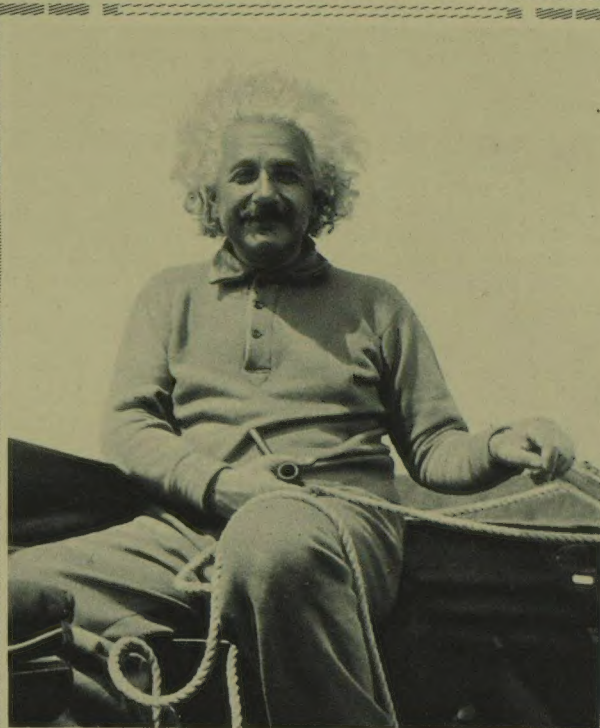


FIG. 3. THE 18-MM.-LONG BEGINNING OF A FISH THAT MAY WEIGH A TON WHEN FULL-GROWN: THE LARVA OF THE SUN-FISH (*ORTHOGORISCUS MOLA*) ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE. Specimens like the one seen above (magnified) of the larval Sun-fish are extremely rare: this one was taken from the stomach of a "king fish." It will be noted that at this stage the body is studded with spines.



# REVOLUTIONISER OF PHYSICS & MATHEMATICS —BUT VERY HUMAN.

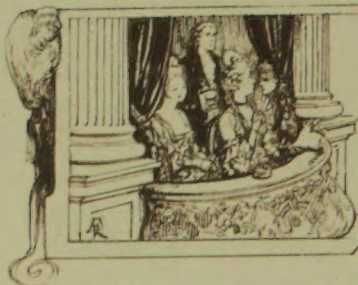


THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS THEORY OF "RELATIVITY" AT HIS COUNTRY BUNGALOW AND IN HIS YACHT:  
PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN—AS HERR MÜLLER—ON HOLIDAY.

The usual association of Kant, Newton, or, in this case, Einstein with their epoch-making theories and achievements, which, so to speak, constitute their being *sub specie aeternitatis*, gives many the idea that they are, or were, "robots"—unhuman creatures whose brains work on undisturbed by the ordinary concerns of baffled and erring humanity. What do we feel on realising for the first time that Einstein—the great and revered Einstein himself—has a passion for music or enjoys sailing a small boat, is something of a gourmet, and frequently forgets

to close the bath-room door in the morning? Here Professor Einstein (or "Herr Müller," as he prefers to be known when he is on holiday) is seen in a series of informal photographs, taken during a recent stay at his country bungalow, or in his yacht "Tümmeler," which, like Shelley's "Ariel," may well have been the birthplace of some divine conceptions. With him in some of our photographs are seen one of his daughters, Frau Kayser, and his son-in-law, Dr. Rudolf Kayser, who is one of the foremost advertising agents in Berlin.





# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## OSCAR WILDE, THE DRAMATIST—IN RETROSPECT AND ACTUALITY.

I WRITE of the artist who has gone; for that artist has left his mark upon literature and upon the stage. His was one of the nimblest intellects of which the English world could boast. Oscar Wilde's legacy as essayist, fanciful story-teller, poet, and novelist is the domain of others. I wish to speak here of the dramatist who raised such great hopes, who did so much in a short space of time, and then suddenly withered like a tree struck by lightning. He contributed but four plays to our stage—"Lady Windermere's Fan" (now in revival at Everyman), "A Woman of No Importance," "An Ideal Husband," and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (in which Mr. John Gielgud is playing at the Lyric, Hammersmith); while a fifth, "Salome," was written in French and was, and still is, prohibited by the Censor.

These four plays all run more or less on the same lines. They are what one could call Society plays, pictures of the then fashionable life in which an unmistakable air of reality is happily wedded to playful satire. Their greatest merit is their dialogue; the plot is of secondary importance and the characterisation is such as one would expect from an observant man who had seen much and read more. In other words, Oscar Wilde did not dive very deeply below the surface of human nature, but found, to a certain extent rightly, that there is more on the surface of life than is seen by most people; he believed as much in veneer as in deep, untarnishable colour. And, as in the drama veneer is likely to please, while depth of colour is often productive of dulness, he preferred to concentrate his acumen on the language rather than on the underlying humanity of his plays. In this he proved that he knew himself, for lightness of touch, not to say a certain flippancy, was a paramount feature of his gifted nature; and when he was all gaiety, sardonicism, and persiflage, as in "The Importance of Being Earnest," he was happiest.

If there was one thing in which Oscar Wilde took himself seriously, it was in his reputation as a dramatist. He was not content that his plays were called witty, well-made, and intellectually above almost all the work of his fellow-playwrights. It flattered him that William Archer placed him on a different plane from all other English dramatic authors, "a plane on which he stood alone." But even that could not satisfy him. He made it clear to me one day that he considered himself the peer of Ibsen, and when, after the production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," I described him as an English Sardou, he said contemptuously, "The founder of the English Théâtre Libre calls me an English Sardou!"—thereby indicating that his confidence in me was seriously shaken; while never again did he honour the Independent Theatre with his patronage or presence.

Yet, whatever may otherwise be the shortcomings of my verdicts, for this once I know I was absolutely right. Nor did I in any way intend to belittle the merits of our writer by comparing him to his great French colleague. I was not thinking of the Sardou of "Madame Sans-Gêne," or even of "Fédora" or "Tosca"—the Sardou who prepared pieces for exportation, as a Munich brewer brews his lager beer to suit all

climates. I was thinking of the Sardou who, in his time, was the prince of French comedy writers, when he gave the series that began with "La Famille Bonoiton," continued with "Nos Intimes," and concluded with "Daniel Rochat" and "Odette." For, wittingly or unwittingly, Oscar Wilde worked on

of middle-class life from the pen of Sir Arthur Pinero, the somewhat heavier drawings of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the melodramatic comedies of Mr. Haddon Chambers, and here and there the pretty Dickensiana of Mr. Carton. What we had not was the play of "high life," aristocratic in atmosphere, in conversation, with all the foibles and graces that belonged to Society. Then came "Lady Windermere's Fan," interesting by its very surroundings; pathetic in parts, but never tearful; refined to a fault; witty to the degree of being too brilliant; different withal from every kind of play of native production. It has its weak sides, particularly that air of egotism which was all the author's own and culminated in his appearance before the curtain with a dyed carnation in his buttonhole and a half-smoked cigarette in his hand. The affinity between the author and his work was unmistakable. Yet to all except those who were prejudiced against Oscar Wilde and his literary work, it seemed that a fresh breeze was wafted across the footlights, and quickly the seeds of the author's wit spread themselves over the town; so that before long there arose imitators galore.

Oscar Wilde had no time to enjoy the ripening of his talent—he has had followers, but no disciples. Before he himself had definitely tested his strength and determined his path came the catastrophe which brought his career to a full stop. "Salome" was his last play known to fame, and to say that Sarah Bernhardt had undertaken to bring it before London is to testify to the excellence of its dramatic fibre and the felicity of its poetry. If she had shown more courage, she might, by the production of "Salome," have paved the way towards a rehabilitation of the author. But after the scandal the actress was ashamed to be associated with the fallen star. "Salome" was produced at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, and the performance was not such as to gladden the author or add to his fame; but in book form the play was an unprecedented success.

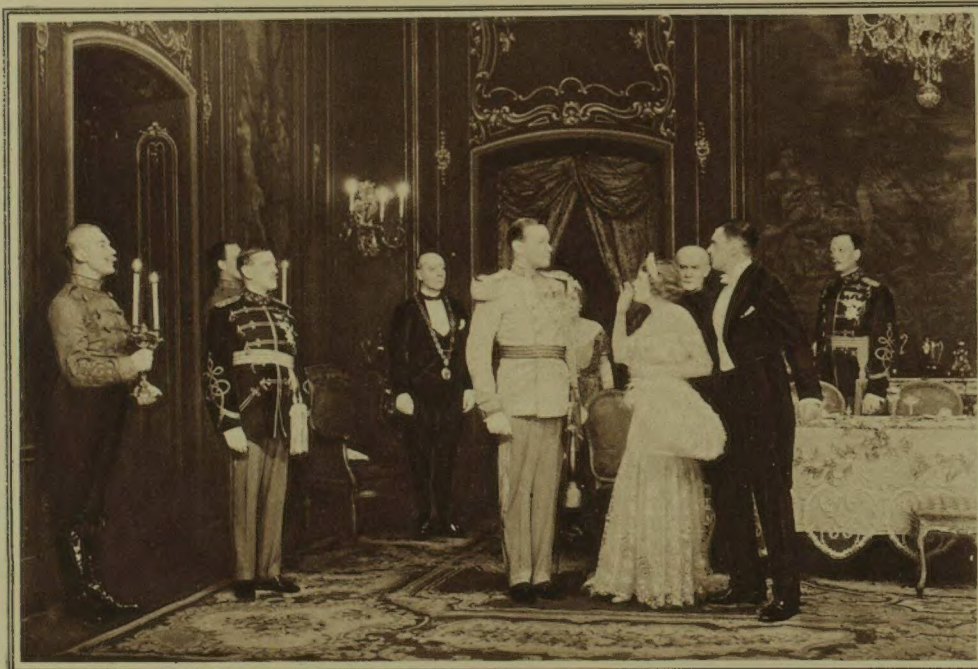
"Salome" was, so far as the stage is concerned, Oscar Wilde's swan-song; the beautiful "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was his adieu to the world of literature. With the career, the man was broken; and with the man his spirit. From time to time his name crops up in connection with our theatres, though I never remember that, until the present season, two of his plays were ever running in London at the same time. It was said that he had written plays which were to be produced under a name other than his own. It was rumoured that such-and-such a successful comedy labelled with a popular name was really the work of Oscar Wilde; but there was no evidence to confirm these rumours, and, unless something is ever found among his papers, spasmodic revivals of his two most popular plays are probably the most that will be heard of Oscar Wilde as a dramatist. We have made progress, and that brilliant epigrammatic dialogue which, at the time of its first hearing, startled us by its freshness has become vulgarised, overdone, and is now almost antiquated. One of the most vivid impressions made by the present revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" is the fatal facility with which the play "dates."



MOLNAR'S VERY HIGH LIFE COMEDY AT THE ST. JAMES'S: PRINCESS MARIE DOMENICA (IRENE VANBRUGH) AND PRINCESS BEATRICE (HENRIETTA WATSON) IN "THE SWAN."—[Photograph by Sasha.]

precisely the same lines as Sardou, and more than once it was said that in construction, in mechanism, even in the mould of the dialogue—when it was dramatic and not merely epigrammatic—the French master had been slavishly copied. For all that, the description "the English Sardou" was by no means a *sobriquet*—it was a compliment. For in those days—they seem to lie centuries behind us now—there was a great dearth of the kind of plays called in France *Comédies de Salon*. We had the fine, amiable pictures

undertaken to bring it before London is to testify to the excellence of its dramatic fibre and the felicity of its poetry. If she had shown more courage, she might, by the production of "Salome," have paved the way towards a rehabilitation of the author. But after the scandal the actress was ashamed to be associated with the fallen star. "Salome" was produced at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, and the performance was not such as to gladden the author or add to his fame; but in book form the play was an unprecedented success.



THE DISASTROUS BANQUET IN "THE SWAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: COUNT LUTZEN (A. B. IMESON), CÆSAR (KINSEY PEILE), PRINCE ALBERT (HERBERT MARSHALL), PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (EDNA BEST), COUNTESS ERDELYI (UNA VENNING), FATHER HYACINTH (C. V. FRANCE), AND DR. NICHOLAS (COLIN CLIVE)—LEFT TO RIGHT.

"The Swan," by Molnar, recently produced at the St. James's, is a comedy of Court life in a Ruritanian State. Princess Beatrice longs to marry her daughter to Prince Albert, heir to the throne. Albert appears uninterested in his pretty cousin, so Princess Beatrice bids her daughter flirt with the tutor, Dr. Nicholas, to rouse Albert's jealousy. The Princess obeys only too well, and the result is social disaster at the banquet. However, the Princess has a highly diplomatic uncle in Father Hyacinth: he straightens out the situation satisfactorily for the royal match-makers, and Alexandra does not lose her Prince.

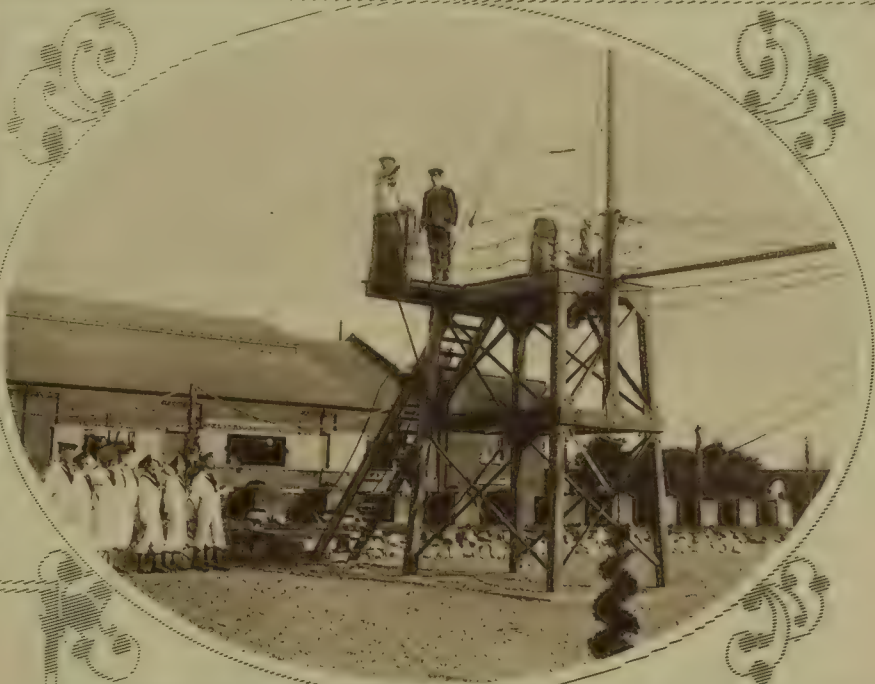


**THE NAVY'S BOYS:  
IN H.M.S.  
"ST. VINCENT"  
DURING THEIR  
TRAINING.**

INSTRUCTION IN MAKING A HOIST OF SIGNAL FLAGS: WITHIN THE ENTRANCE OF H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT," THE SEAMEN-BOYS' TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AT GOSPORT.



IN THE GUNNERY-DRILL SHED: LEARNING TO WORK A FOUR-INCH SEMI-AUTOMATIC GUN; SHOWING THE NET SCREEN TO CATCH THE BRASS CART-RIDGE-CASE AFTER IT HAS BEEN EJECTED FROM THE BREECH.



ON THE "CHAINS": A SEAMAN-BOY BEING TAUGHT HOW TO HEAVE THE LEAD, WHICH WEIGHS FOURTEEN POUNDS AND IS ATTACHED TO A ROPE MARKED AT FATHOM INTERVALS BY MEANS OF COLOURED STRIPS.



FIRST TAUGHT ON LAND: SAIL-DRILL—BOYS UNDER INSTRUCTION IN MAKING SAIL AND TAKING IN REEF WHILE RECEIVING THEIR TRAINING IN H.M.S. "ST VINCENT."



A SEAMEN-BOYS' BOAT'S CREW IN A TWELVE-OARED CUTTER: MANNING A SERVICE CRAFT WHICH, LIKE ALL ITS KIN, IS PROVIDED WITH OARS AS WELL AS MASTS AND SAILS.

With Navy Weeks so much in the news, none can fail to be interested in these photographs illustrating the training of Seamen-Boys in H.M.S. "St. Vincent," the Seamen-Boys' Training Establishment at Gosport. As a rule, a boy spends about a year in a Naval Training Establishment, and is then drafted to the Training Squadron afloat for a further period of training which lasts six months. He becomes a "man" in the Navy at eighteen, but he can reach that status six months earlier by passing certain examinations. On entry, a boy is rated Boy 2nd Class; after about six months he is rated Boy 1st Class; then he becomes an Ordinary Seaman. With regard to the photograph showing instruction in heaving the lead, the following note should be made:

"The lead is hove forward in the direction of a ship's progress and the soundings are observed by taking in the slack of the rope and noticing which of the fathom-marks is showing on the water when the line is vertically below the leadsman. The platform is called the Chains."





THE YOUNGEST GOVERNOR IN CHINA: FIELD-MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH LIANG PLAYING GOLF.

His Excellency, who is a keen golfer, has given the Mukden community an excellent nine-hole course.

In connection with this interesting article on Field-Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, son and successor of the late Field-Marshal Chang Tso Lin as Governor of the Three North-Eastern Provinces of China, it is interesting to note that his Excellency is learning to fly, not only that aviation may be encouraged in his country, but because he is much interested in the air-activities of the Prince of Wales, of whom he is a keen admirer.

CHINA is a complex. It is the oldest and the newest country in the world. It boasts of the most ancient civilisation and yet it is in its infancy so far as modern progress is concerned. At the moment, as for the past twenty years, China is in the throes of a revolutionary war. Like a vast giant waking from an age-long sleep and suffering terrible pains when stretching time-stiffened limbs, China is suffering in her efforts to adapt herself to present-day

June 3 last, succeeded his father, the late Field-Marshal Chang Tso Lin, as Governor of the Three North-Eastern Provinces in 1928, and since that date he has administered a territory larger than France and populated by more people. Despite the present Civil War in China, the Three Eastern Provinces are at peace. In the city of Mukden, the capital of the Three North-Eastern Provinces, there are many



AS SUPPLIED TO THE FLYING FIELD-MARSHAL: A DE HAVILLAND "MOTH" DE LUXE AT MUKDEN.

methods. Everything seems wrong in China to-day. Bandits and rabid Communists rove the country at will in many districts. Famine stalks through others. War Lords and local rulers attack the Government in open warfare. China's currency is at its lowest level in history. Trade is at a standstill. The Customs houses are being seized by local military authorities and administered in defiance of the Government, and with entirely new staffs—and yet China is progressing. Well may a casual observer say "China is finished—ruined—she is going the way of Russia!" But—one must live in China for many years and keep one's eyes open to see the land in its true light.

A country can be judged truly by a close inspection and observation of its inhabitants. What old and observant foreign resident of China will deny that there are traits in the Chinese character which are as excellent and of as high a quality as the best that can be found in any race under the sun? The Chinese people are advancing, despite the failings of their leaders. They always have. How much quicker could they do so had they their full share of ambitious and honest leaders—leaders who, by their strength of character, could win and hold the affection of the millions! The Chinese people are the first to recognise high morality. Is there no leader with the necessary qualities to be found in China? Like all other races in the world, the Chinese respond to firm and strong dealing. Better than many races in

## CHINA'S FLYING FIELD-MARSHAL: CHANG TSO LIN'S SUCCESSOR.

By Captain W. E. F. JONES, D.F.C., C.A.C.

the world they quickly, and very quickly, recognise a weakness. And, as it always has been, and always will be, in every country in the world, strong dealing and firm dealing in China must be based on Truth and Justice.

The Three North-Eastern Provinces of the Republic of China are ruled by China's most youthful Governor, Field-Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang. This young man, who celebrated his thirtieth birthday on

accommodates an audience of 800. Further, Mukden boasts of a very nice nine-hole golf-course; and preparations are being made for the building of a race-course. Many other instances could be quoted to illustrate the progress that is being made in the Three Eastern Provinces of the Republic. The golf-course was given to the Mukden community by Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, who is a very keen golfer. The new cinema was built by the Marshal's express orders and paid for from his own private funds.

Besides governing the largest arsenal in China, which is situated at Mukden, Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang is Commander-in-Chief of the North-Eastern Defence Armies of China and Chief of the North-Eastern Air Force, which is the largest Air Force in the country. In order to stimulate and encourage flying, he recently purchased a De Havilland "Moth" aeroplane for his personal use, an aircraft which is



FIELD-MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH LIANG AS AIRMAN: HIS EXCELLENCY IN HIS NEW DE HAVILLAND "MOTH," AT MUKDEN.

signs of endeavour. Large and wide roads are being built round the city, which is fast taking on a twentieth-century appearance. The centuries-old city gates are even now being torn down. Early this June a new up-

to-date cinema was opened. It is fitted with the latest seating, ventilating, talking and other equipment, and

the last word in aeroplanes *de luxe*. Every instrument of value is fitted in each of the two seats of this; and there are such safety devices as parachutes and the famous Handley-Page slotted wings. The seats are enclosed by a coupé head. The machine is beautifully finished in the Marshal's own colours (deep blue and yellow); whilst the engine-cowling is silver-finished. The Marshal is now taking lessons in flying, under the direction of a British pilot who states that his Excellency is showing considerable aptitude in the art and will soon be sufficiently qualified to make a solo flight.

The facts here given are especially impressive to residents of long-standing in China, for they



IN MUKDEN, WHICH BOASTS THE BIGGEST ARSENAL IN CHINA: AT THE AERODROME, IN WHICH FIELD-MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH LIANG IS MUCH INTERESTED, FOR THE N.E. AIR FORCE, OF WHICH HE IS THE CHIEF, IS THE LARGEST IN HIS COUNTRY.

are able to compare the activities and ambitions of the youngest Governor in China with the character and activities of lords who have held sway and power (not undisputed, however) over China for the past twenty years. Is it too much to say that China has found a leader worthy to lead her people to a glorious destiny and capable of doing so? Time will show, as it shows so many things in this world of evolution: meantime, it is legitimate to watch and hope.



## CHINA—BACKWARD, YET PROGRESSING: ANCIENT WAYS AND A MODERN ROAD-TO-BE.



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE SHARP TAIPING REBELLION OBELISK, WHICH THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT PROPOSES TO REMOVE, AS IT IS A SIGN OF FOREIGN INTERVENTION: THE BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE RIVER AT NINGPO.



MODERNISM IN ACTION: PULLING DOWN THE 1200-YEAR-OLD CITY WALL OF NINGPO THAT A BROAD ROAD MAY BE CONSTRUCTED ON THE SIX-MILE-LONG SITE.



ONE MAN REPRESENTING TWO MEN WRESTLING: A PERFORMER, WITH A PAIR OF DUMMIES ON HIS BACK AND HIS HANDS IN BOOTS, AMUSING A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS IN A CHINESE BYWAY.

Concerning these photographs, we add the following notes: The obelisk at Ningpo was erected to the memory of British and French soldiers who lost their lives while driving the Taiping rebels out of the city in 1862. Our correspondent writes: "The obelisk, which was made from a demolished Taiping fort nearby, at first aroused the opposition of the populace, who thought that its sharp point would annoy the good spirits of the air, possibly fearing they might find it uncomfortable to sit on! Now the City Government regards it with disfavour as a relic of foreign interference in support of the old Imperialism and proposes to remove it."—The City Wall of Ningpo, which has stood for 1200 years, is being demolished that its site may be used for a broad road. It was six miles long and averaged 20 ft. high and 22 ft. wide; and it was made of earth and stone



SO FULL THAT, AS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, COFFINS ARE PILED OUTSIDE IT: A CITY'S BABY-TOWER HOLDING THE COFFINS OF INFANTS, WHICH ARE CARTED AWAY AT INTERVALS.



DRAIN, SUPPLIER OF WATER, AND ROAD IN ONE: ONE OF THE NETWORK OF CANALS IN A CHINESE CITY.—ON THE LEFT, THE OFFICIAL FLOOD-LEVEL CONSULTED BY THE MAGISTRATE IN TIME OF DANGER.



RATHER MORE UP TO DATE THAN THEY APPEAR AT FIRST GLANCE, BUT NOT CALCULATED TO PLEASE EVERY INSURANCE COMPANY! CITY FIRE-ENGINES IN NINGPO; AND MEMBERS OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

with brick battlements, and paved with granite. It was practically unaffected by a two-hours' bombardment by British naval guns in 1862, when the Taiping rebels defied Captain Dew in their threats to the foreign settlement across the river. Eventually, however, storming parties of a hundred gained the top of the wall, and the garrison of 20,000 Taipings fled to the country.—The City Magistrate judges by the flood-level when the height of the water in and around the city in flood-time is really dangerous to the villagers who seek his help.—The man with the wrestling dummies bends down so that the figures on his back are upright; walking on all fours, with his hands booted.



## CREMATION-PIT "SHRINE AREA,"

### AND OTHER "RUBBISH-HEAP HISTORY."

REVELATIONS OF THE OLDEST-KNOWN CULTURE  
OF THE GILA VALLEY, ARIZONA.

By ARTHUR WOODWARD, Curator of History,  
Los Angeles Museum.

the pottery are all unlike the Pueblo cultural elements found to the north. For years the archaeologists have been convinced that the people who once occupied the Gila River Valley were distinct in cultural origin from the advanced town-dwellers of Hopi Land, of Zuni, and the eastern Pueblos along the Rio Grande. Now we believe that we have discovered for the first time new and concrete proof of the ancient connections of the people who dwelt beside the Gila with the more colourful and complex civilisations of Central America and Mexico. During the course of our work on the compound we were continually scouting for new leads, and had advised our

FOUND IN THE GILA VALLEY, ARIZONA: BIRDS  
FORMING THE BEZEL OF A SHELL BRACELET.

DURING the past five months the trowels of the Van Bergen—Los Angeles Museum Field Party have been busily uncovering evidences of an ancient and highly-developed civilisation that flourished in the Gila River Valley, Arizona, centuries before the Pueblo Indians had begun to develop their social and cultural organisations. The Gila Valley, in South-Central Arizona, has always been a lure to students of American archaeology; yet, strangely enough, but little actual work has been conducted in the region. The imposing ruins of the Casa Grande, the most dominating monument of prehistoric industry in the entire South-West, have been attracting tourists and scientists since 1694, when Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, the Jesuit, journeyed north from Sonora to inspect the Great House. Even at that time the ruins were legendary objects of superstitious awe to the Pima and Papago tribesmen who occupied the Gila Valley. Who the builders were no one knows, but it may be that we now have a clue as to the origin of the artisans.

In January 1930, Dr. Charles Van Bergen, a retired New York physician, an Oxford man interested in archaeology, Associate in Anthropology at the Los Angeles Museum, organised a field party to explore certain "blind" spots on the archaeological map of the South-Western United States on behalf of the Los Angeles Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, California. The author, having conducted some work in the spring of 1929 on a small compound site near the Casa Grande National Monument, and having found some interesting specimens and obtained new data on the earlier house types of the Valley, was called upon in his capacity as Curator of History to act as archaeological director of the expedition. Accordingly, the field party, working under the able direction of Mr. Irwin Hayden, began work upon a small compound site within the confines of the Casa Grande National Monument, to obtain, if possible, further evidence that might tend to prove or disprove the findings of the previous year.

Now, throughout the Gila Valley, buried in the drifting sands, badly eroded by the elements, and in some cases despoiled by careless pot-hunting vandals, are the ruined walls of small villages known, because of their surrounding walls, as compounds. These compounds were apparently all erected by the people who built Casa Grande proper. Most of the work that has been conducted in the Valley has been on the more conspicuous ruins. The larger mounds which contain the eroded walls of houses have all been dug into, mostly by curio-seekers. Those on the National Monument have been guarded by the Government, and such work as has been done there has been done by scientists working under the auspices of the Department of the Interior. Near all the old village sites are long, low heaps of ashy earth, broken pottery, and stone; the trash-heaps of the original inhabitants. Also, as a rule, somewhere in the vicinity of the rubbish-

FOUND IN THE GILA VALLEY, ARIZONA: BIRDS  
FORMING THE BEZEL OF A SHELL BRACELET.

urn; yet the evidences of cremation burials were quite strong, and the fragments of bone increased in number as we dug deeper into the sandy loam. At last the men struck a stratum of caliche, a peculiar lime-like formation which underlies the floor of the Valley at varying depths. Instructing them to continue on the surface of the caliche, following the trail of the burned bone they came to a mass of shattered potsherds, and among these sherds were round, heavy-walled vessels of a type that is known but is quite scarce. Upon working around these deposits we discovered that they lay in pits dug into the caliche, and when they were removed we found in the bottom of the pits masses of calcined, broken human bones. We had struck an entirely new type of cremation burial, and, if we were to judge from the pottery accompanying the remains, we were working in the evidences of the oldest culture yet found in the Valley.

So it proved. Pit after pit was laid bare, each filled with pottery and bones. In some instances the pits would contain nothing but pottery, fragmentary and intact offerings, small stone vessels, elaborately carved burned shell jewellery, and finely carved burned bone awls. These pits were from six to forty-eight inches in depth, and from twelve to thirty-six inches in diameter. In the case of nearly every burial, among the fragments of pottery, which were carefully placed in the pits, were the round, heavy-walled vessels which the workmen termed "ash trays"; and when we examined them we discovered that, in spite of their facetiousness, the trowel men had designated the objects more or less correctly, for each one contained from one to half-a-dozen tiny bits of charcoal. Whether the ancients had placed these ceremonial vessels in the grave as crude forms of incense-burners or as containers for the grave-fire, we do not know, but from the quantity of them we know they must have served some important purpose.

It was fascinating work, uncovering these new things. Each pit was a veritable treasure-hole. We never knew what we were going to encounter next. One of the boys, in following the caliche surface, uncovered a deposit of what at first appeared to be simply a mass of calcined bones, and then, from the dust and tangled welter of white bone, appeared the delicately-carved head of a mountain sheep. We all bent closer, and the close inspection revealed the fact that the entire mass was a solid deposit of carved and broken bone implements. When they had been cleaned and assembled, we found that we had the fragments of a number of finely carved bone awls, the handles of which were carved representations of realistic mountain sheep standing pertly on neatly carved twined rattle-snakes. Again, we found a wading bird busily engaged in swallowing a rattle-snake. These tools had all passed through the cremation fire, and had been contained in a square pottery casket. The



IN A BURIAL AREA OF THE GILA RIVER VALLEY:  
A CACHE OF POTTERY OFFERINGS OVER A CREMATION PIT; SHOWING A TRIPOD VESSEL IN SITU.

workmen to keep their eyes open also. One day one of the men showed me the fragments of a small, flare-rimmed bowl, of a type which has been associated with the earliest forms of pottery in that area, which he asserted had come from a neighbouring tract of land thickly covered with creosote bushes and upon which were three fairly large-sized trash-mounds, but no sign of walls or mounds that might contain walls.

Accordingly we visited the site and dug a test pit or two, and brought forth more pottery of like nature. We



FOUND ON THE CREMATION-BURIAL SITE: A HEAVY OFFERING-BOWL.

The decoration of this bowl is red on buff, as it is in the case of the other heavy-walled vessel shown on this page.



A TYPE FOUND IN GRAVES AND IN LOAM ABOVE THE PITS WHICH YIELDED EVIDENCE OF AN ENTIRELY NEW FORM OF CREMATION-BURIAL: A HEAVY-WALLED VESSEL HOLDING FRAGMENTS OF CHARCOAL.

fragments of the casket still enclosed the shattered bones. You may be sure we collected every scrap of pottery and bone very carefully, and later mended them equally as carefully. Now and then among the pottery sherds we encountered carved fragments of a schistoid material, and in time we had quite a collection of such specimens,

[Continued on page 184.]

heaps and compounds are found the cremation areas, where the calcined bones of the dead are evident, interred in pottery urns and bowls accompanied by broken potsherds as offerings.

These ruins, the pottery found in them, the cremation burials, and the paddle and anvil method of manufacturing

browsed around and found one small area covered with tiny flecks of calcined bone—signs, brought to the surface by burrowing rodents and heavy storms, of cremation burials beneath. Thinking to uncover some of the usual type burial-urns, we set a crew to working the area. Greatly to our surprise, we did not encounter a single



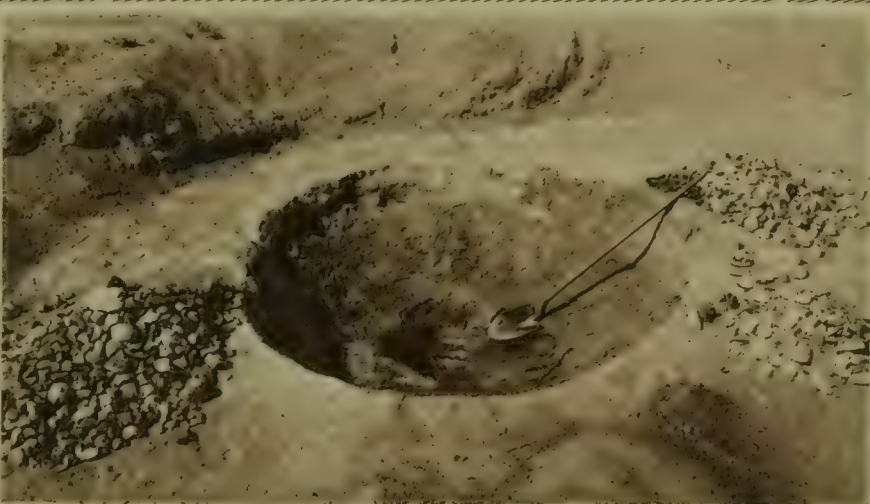
# "HISTORY" FOUND IN RUBBISH-HEAPS: SIGNS OF THE OLDEST GILA VALLEY CULTURE THAT IS KNOWN.



A "CHINA CABINET" DATING FROM ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA: A CACHE OF PLATES AS FIRST SEEN BY THE EXCAVATORS—THE PIECES CAREFULLY STACKED ONE UPON ANOTHER IN A PIT.

CONCERNING the particular "finds" illustrated on this page, and fully described in the article on the opposite page, we may give the following notes culled from that article. For some months past excavators have been uncovering signs of an ancient and highly developed civilisation which flourished in the Gila River Valley, South-Central Arizona, centuries before the Pueblo Indians began to develop their social and cultural organisations; and they are satisfied, in fact,

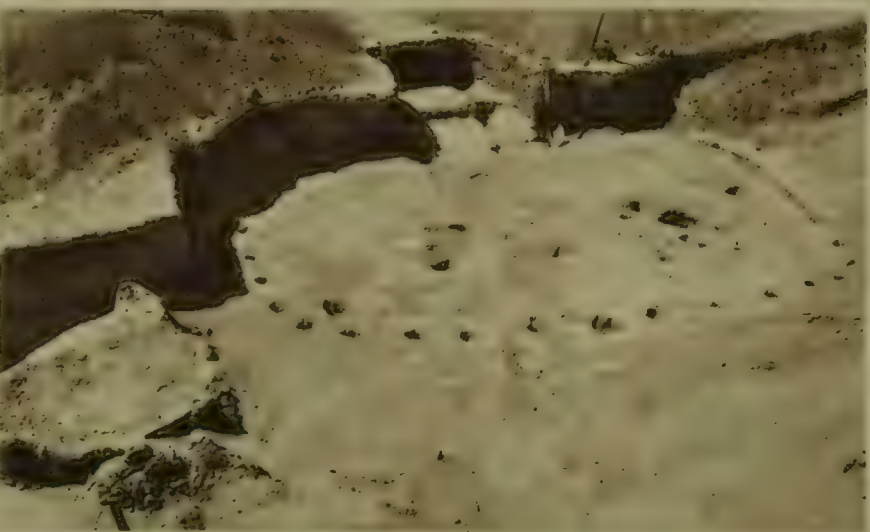
[Continued in Box 2.]



DISCOVERED NEAR THE REMAINS OF PRIMITIVE SEMI-SUBTERRANEAN DWELLINGS: AN OPEN BAKING-PIT (SOME 9 FT. IN DIAMETER); AND THE SMALL BURNED STONES OF TENNIS-BALL SIZE FOUND IN IT.

that they have found evidence of the oldest Gila Valley culture that is known. As to the "china cabinet," Mr. Woodward notes of this: "These plates are quite similar in shape to our saucers, and are from five to twenty inches in diameter. They are plain and decorated. . . . The plates were carefully stacked in the caliche pits, one on the other. . . . Among the shallow vessels we found plates that had been tripod ware, but we discovered that in each case the legs had been neatly removed in order that the plates might stack well." Certain

[Continued in Box 3.]



ON A TRACT NEAR THE "SHRINE AREA": THE FLOOR OF A PRIMITIVE SEMI-SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING; SHOWING THE SMOOTH FLOOR, A LINE OF POST-HOLES, A FIRE-PIT, AND THE CURIOUS OFFSET IN THE WALL.



IN THE "SHRINE AREA": PART OF THE LARGEST CEREMONIAL PAINT PALETTE FOUND (15 IN. BY 7), AND THE COMPLETE SANDSTONE BASE OF A MOSAIC MIRROR WHICH HAD A "GLASS" OF IRON PYRITE CRYSTALS.



IN THE MIDST OF THE CREMATION-PITS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SERIES OF PITS AND DEPRESSIONS IN THE CALICHE DEPOSIT, FROM EACH OF WHICH WAS REMOVED A BURIAL WITH OFFERINGS.

paint palettes unearthed still had traces of white pigment adhering to them. Near one of these palettes was "a thin, sandstone disc bearing upon its surface traces of a mosaic. This disc had been bevelled and drilled for suspension. . . . Later we found other discs. . . . We checked on these discs, and they proved to be none other than the bases of mirrors, the reflecting surfaces of which were once composed of thin polished sections of iron pyrite crystals. These mirrors had passed through the devastating flames of the cremation pyre, and the pyrite facing had disintegrated in the heat. Such mirrors are unknown

[Continued in Box 4.]



BESIDE AN OLD-TYPE PIMA HOUSE: A MODERN PIMA INDIAN LIVING IN THE GILA RIVER VALLEY, SOUTH-CENTRAL ARIZONA, WHERE RELICS OF THE OLDEST-KNOWN CULTURE OF THE DISTRICT HAVE BEEN FOUND.

in the United States. . . . The centre of manufacture for such mirrors was in the Department of Quiche, Guatemala, and both the early Mayans and the later peoples in Mexico made and used mirrors having a mosaic facing of iron pyrites, obsidian, and also marcasite. Such mirrors, set in painted and carved wooden frames, have also been found in Peru. Here, then, was our first concrete bit of evidence of the contact of the highly developed civilisations with the ancient tribesmen of the north." The cremation-pits in the stratum of caliche revealed an entirely new type of cremation burial. The primitive dwellings of which signs were discovered were, semi-subterranean—shallow holes dug in the earth, with sides plastered with adobe.



# ART OF THE OLDEST-KNOWN GILA VALLEY CULTURE.



A FINGER-RING OF CARVED SHELL, WITH A MOTIF OF BIRDS, BACK TO BACK, SWALLOWING RATTLESNAKES: AN EXAMPLE OF THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES MADE IN THE GILA VALLEY CREMATION-PITS AND "SHRINE AREA."



BEZELS OF SHELL BRACELETS: MOTIFS—RATTLESNAKES, HORNED TOAD, ALLIGATOR, HUMAN FIGURE.

THE following notes concern the archaeological discoveries illustrated on this double-page. The cremation-pits in the Gila Valley, which were dug into the stratum of caliche (a peculiar lime-like formation), revealed an entirely new type of cremation burial, and the excavators found that they were working in the evidences of the oldest culture yet found in the Valley. "Pit after pit was laid bare, each filled with pottery and bones. In some instances the pits would contain nothing but pottery, fragmentary and intact offerings, small stone vessels, elaborately-carved burned shell jewellery, and finely-carved burned bone awls. These pits were from six to forty-eight inches in depth and from twelve to thirty-six in diameter." Almost every one was a "treasure-house." Among the "finds" in them were awl-handles carved with representations of mountain sheep standing on neatly-carved twined rattlesnakes.

[Continued opposite.]



WITH THREE DUCKS PERCHED ON THE RIM: A FINELY CARVED HARD-STONE BOWL (1½ IN. HIGH; DIAMETER, 2 IN.)—ONE OF THE PROOFS OF THE COMPLEX CULTURAL CONTACTS, OF THE GILA VALLEY.



WITH FOUR OPENINGS: A THIN-WALLED POTTERY VESSEL WITH A DECORATION OF RED ON BUFF.



A "HERD" OF EFFIGY BOWLS FROM THE CREMATION-PITS AND THE "SHRINE AREA": PIECES FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS WHICH HAVE REVEALED THE OLDEST-KNOWN GILA VALLEY CULTURE.

A POTTERY FIGURINE WHICH SUGGESTS COMPLEX CULTURAL CONTACTS: A FIGURE SIX INCHES LONG; UNPAINTED, SAVE FOR SOME SLIGHT TRACES OF RED PIGMENT ON THE NECKLACE.





## CREMATION-PIT OFFERINGS AND "SHRINE AREA" FINDS.



WITH A MOTIF OF SIX RATTLESNAKES IN LOW RELIEF: A SMALL STONE VESSEL (2 IN. HIGH; DIAMETER, 2½ IN.); POSSIBLY A SIGN THAT THE OLD SERPENT CULT OF MIDDLE AMERICA REACHED NORTH INTO THE PUEBLO AREA.



A WELL-EXECUTED PIECE OF POTTERY MOULDING: A HEAVY-WALLED OFFERTORY VESSEL WITH A TWIN SNAKE MOTIF AGAIN SUGGESTING THE NORTHWARD SPREAD OF THE SERPENT CULT OF MIDDLE AMERICA. (RED ON BUFF.)



DECORATED WITH BIRDS—PRESUMABLY MOUNTAIN QUAILS—IN DULL RED ON BUFF: A HEAVY OFFERING-BOWL.

*Continued.]*

"These tools had all passed through the cremation fire and had been contained in a square pottery casket. The fragments of the casket still enclosed the shattered bones. You may be sure we collected every scrap of pottery and bone very carefully, and later mended them equally as carefully." As to the various depictions of snakes, more particularly, Mr. Woodward writes: "Here we had, in the carved shell and bone, in the twined snakes indicative perhaps of the old serpent cult of Middle America which reached north into the Pueblo area in some distant forgotten era, but died out in the intermediate territory, in the mosaic mirrors, and in the many odd forms of pottery vessels, quite strong proof of the

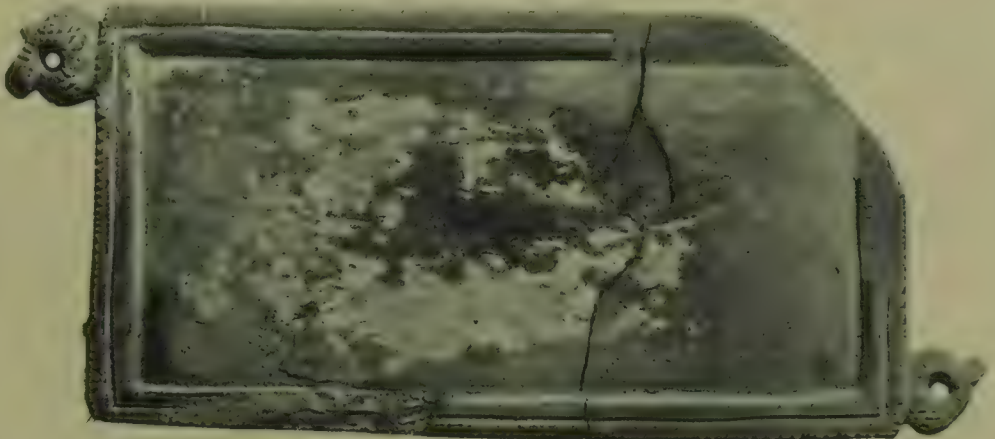
complex cultural contacts which connected the later civilisations of the arid regions of New Mexico and Arizona and the tropical regions of Middle America. We found the heads and torsos of rude pottery figurines similar in aspect to those discovered further south; seemingly additional proof of the contact." Fuller details will be found in Mr. Woodward's article on page 156.



FOUND IN A CREMATION-PIT: FRAGMENTS OF CALCINED BONE AWL-HANDLES.



A MOUNTAIN SHEEP STANDING ON TWINED RATTLESNAKES: THE CALCINED DEER-HORN HANDLE OF AN AWL (2½ IN. LONG), ONE OF A NUMBER OF THE SAME KIND FOUND IN THE CALICHE STRATUM.



A CARVED PAINT PALETTE: A PIECE THAT IS OF A SCHISTOID MATERIAL AND HAS CARVED RATTLESNAKES ON THE CORNERS—STILL BEARING TRACES OF WHITE PAINT UPON ITS SURFACE.



# "THE RHETORICK OF SATAN"?

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
**"MACHIAVELLI": By ETTORE JANNI.\***

(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

"EVERY Country hath its Machiavel," says Sir Thomas Browne, "every Age its Lucian, whereof common Heads must not hear, nor more advanced Judgments too rashly venture on: it is the Rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate belief."

In the certainty that the gentle reader is not, and in the hope that I am not, included in the category of "common Heads," we will approach, cautiously and circumspectly, Signor Janni's exposition of the great Florentine's theories on the art and practice of government.

Machiavelli has been called the father of Political Science; like Bacon in the domain of Natural Science, he

was the inventor of a new method. Not altogether new, perhaps, for the germ of it is to be found in Aristotle's treatise on Politics. Both writers based their theories on actual instances taken from contemporary and past history; they examined the constitutions of States, analysed them, and from their comparative effectiveness deduced certain theories as to the forms that government ought to take if it was to fulfil its functions properly. But whereas Aristotle was contributing to knowledge, Machiavelli had a more practical aim. "The Prince" was to be a manual, a handbook to the art of government.



NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI: FROM AN ENGRAVING ON THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION OF MACHIAVELLI'S WORKS (1550; THE "TESTINA" EDITION).

Reproduced from "Machiavelli," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

It was intended not for publication, but to be read privately by the Medici family, who, after the brief troublous republic lasting nineteen years, were in 1512 once more restored to power in Florence.

Machiavelli was born in 1469, and he died in 1527, a month after Rome had been sacked by the Imperialist troops. Though a Florentine he was an Italian patriot; and the conditions in which he lived were enough to make any patriot despair. These conditions were primarily the result of weak government. The city States lacked, in Hobbes's oft-quoted phrase, "a common power to keep them all in awe." Venice alone had a stable Government; murderers from other parts of Italy took refuge in Venice because, in its well-policed streets, they were safe from possible vendettas carried on by the relations of their victims. But even Venice had no militia, no troops of its own; it employed *condottieri* to fight its battles; and while these mercenaries roamed about ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder, and to go through the forms of fighting, Italy could have no peace; no peace and no security from the great greedy nations which surrounded it. Charles the Eighth's invasion in 1493 was the signal for Italy, to become the happy hunting-ground of French, German, and Spanish troops.

Machiavelli's first appearance in public life was in 1498, when he was made Under Secretary and then Chief Secretary to the Council of Ten who directed the military and diplomatic affairs of Florence. In this capacity he undertook missions, four times to France, once to the Emperor of Germany; but it was as representative of the Republic in the Court of Cesar Borgia that he achieved his greatest fame and made those observations upon contemporary life upon which he afterwards constructed his theory of statecraft. He did not long enjoy these opportunities for displaying his diplomatic gifts. In 1512 the Medici returned to Florence; Machiavelli was disgraced, suspected of treason, and tortured. But by the intervention of the Pope he suffered no severer punishment than living in enforced retirement near Florence; and in his leisure he embodied his political experience in the books that have made his name famous—"The Discourses on the First Decade of Living," "The Prince," and "The Dialogues on the Art of War."

Signor Janni declares that Machiavelli's "spiritual home" was the Roman Republic as Livy described it. It seems a far cry from Livy's Rome to Cesar Borgia's principality; but Cesar Borgia was, for a time, the most successful ruler in Italy and the best exemplar Machiavelli could find. Accordingly he envisages a prince with many of the characteristics of Cesar Borgia, and a people with the attributes of those whom Cesar Borgia governed, by the policy of keeping them "satisfied and bewildered." Machiavelli postulates that Man is fundamentally bad. In the "Discourses" he writes: "As is shown by all those who have studied civil life and as all history proves, it is necessary for the ruler of a republic to pre-suppose all men to be bad, and bound to act in accordance with their natural malignity on every occasion that gives them the

opportunity; and should any malignity remain hidden for a time, this is due to some unseen cause; but time, which is said to be the father of all truth, will ultimately expose it." And in "The Prince" he writes to the same effect:

"Of men this may be asserted in general, that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowards, and greedy of gain. And as long as you can benefit them they are all yours; they will offer you their blood, their goods, their lives, their children, when your need is far removed; but when it is near at hand they turn against you."

Machiavelli, assumes, then, that the material on which a ruler will have to work is "corrupt." He is not so much a cynic as a pessimist. The tradition which has turned his name into a synonym for dissimulation and double-dealing is founded in truth, but it is misleading. Who sups with the Devil must use a long spoon; he has no other choice. The Prince must meet his enemies with their own weapons, but he must use those weapons more skilfully than they do.

The theme of Machiavelli's teaching, Signor Janni says, "is always that of 'effectual truth' (*la verità effettuale*). By this rather difficult phrase he seems to mean "The truth which underlies cause and effect in history and common experience—as opposed to any theoretical conception of truth." In the fifteenth chapter of "The Prince," he says:

"It has seemed to me more appropriate to follow up the effectual truth of a matter than the imagination of it; for many have pictured republics and principalities that have never been seen or known in reality, because how one lives is so far removed from how one ought to live that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done achieves his own ruin rather than his preservation."

Machiavelli attempts to divorce politics from ethics—an alluring simplification, but one which ultimately vitiates argument and falsifies conclusions. People cannot feel strongly about anything without making it a question of right and wrong; and there is nothing men feel more strongly about than politics. Machiavelli, his biographer says, "excludes Heaven from politics." The city of Cecrops has nothing to do with the City of God. God does not lend His aid to princes:

"It must not be said: God has helped such a one because he was good, another has come to grief because he was wicked; for very often the contrary is seen to be the case. Nor, for this reason, should we say that God's justice is lacking, for his ways are so profound that they are deservedly said to be *abissus mulla*."

But, though he would exclude Heaven from politics, he does not want to exclude religion. Religion is a help to government; and the Church is much to be blamed for having brought religion into disrepute.

"The Popes, at first by virtue of their power to excommunicate, and later by both this and force of arms, together with indulgences, inspired fear and veneration; but from having abused the one and the other, the first they have now wholly lost, and in the second they remain at the discretion of others. . . . Through the evil example of that Court the country has lost all piety and faith, a loss which has brought in its train infinite mischief and disorders; for as the presence of religion implies every excellence, so its absence implies the contrary. We Italians, then, owe this first debt to the Church and the priests, that we have become irreligious and wicked; yet we owe them a still greater, which is the cause of our ruin. And this is that the Church has ever kept and keeps our country divided. For, in truth, no country was ever united and prosperous that did not yield obedience to one prince or republic; as has been the case with France and Spain."

And, showing with what contempt he regards failure, he continues:

"The sole cause why Italy is in a different position, being governed by no one King or republic, is the Church; which, although she here holds her seat and exerts her temporal authority, has never yet been strong or courageous enough to seize upon the entire country and make herself its ruler. And, on the other hand, she has never been so weak, when in fear of losing her temporal dominion, as not to be able to call in some foreign potentate to defend her against any that in Italy should have become too powerful. . . ."

The quality in men which Machiavelli admires and thinks worthy to be fostered is *la virtù*. By this he does not mean virtue, in our sense of the term. He calls Cesar Borgia, for instance, "a prudent and virtuous man." No, the word has much more in common with "virile"; it implies the possession of the masculine qualities, above all, resolution and energy

and courage. If the end has greatness in itself, the means chosen to carry it through do not matter, provided only that they achieve their object.

"For where the whole safety of the country is at stake, no consideration of what is just or unjust, merciful or cruel, praiseworthy or shameful, must intervene; but rather, setting aside very other consideration, that course alone must be taken that will preserve the existence of the country and maintain its liberty."

Try as one will to acclimatise oneself to the temper of Machiavelli's mind, to appreciate the logic and justice of his conclusions, to give him credit for avoiding hypocrisy and looking facts in the face, it is difficult not to be shocked every now and then; the whitewash with which his biographer has liberally (and justly) covered him keeps peeling off. And I cannot help thinking that, even if it arose from an imperfect understanding of his work, the popular instinct to regard him as a pernicious influence is not wholly at fault. We may call his point of view logical and realistic, and applaud it; but, all the same, the readiness to acquiesce in so low an estimate of human nature has a depressing effect. What is the point in being a good patriot (and this is Machiavelli's saving grace in his biographer's eyes), if patriotism means identifying oneself with a parcel of rascals and cut-throats? Yet one cannot but be roused by words like these:

"Three things I desire to see before my death; but I doubt that, even if I live to a great age, I shall yet see any one of them: a well-ordered republic established in our city, Italy liberated from all the barbarians and the world set free from the tyranny of these wicked priests."

Machiavelli was not always consistent: in the last chapters of the book Signor Janni shows him arguing that the despised people themselves may, in certain circumstances, govern better than an enlightened despot. The same inconsistency is apparent in Signor Janni's attitude towards his subject. He writes always with an eye on current events; it is clear from the preface, and from hints scattered about the book, that the present administration in Italy does not meet with his approval. He gives one the feeling that he is holding something back, not speaking out what is in his mind. He is at pains to show that the head of the Italian Government is not the Prince of Machiavelli's dream. This is no easy task; for the differences have to be searched for, while the resemblances leap to the eye.

L. P. H.



"A PORTRAIT OF NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI," WHICH WAS BOUGHT FOR THE ITALIAN NATION IN 1928: A PICTURE ATTRIBUTED TO A FLORENTINE ARTIST OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY

As we noted in March 1928, when reproducing it as a full page, this remarkable portrait of Machiavelli (1469-1527) was bought in England for the Italian Nation by Commendatore Trolli. It was found in 1906 in a deserted palace of the Ricci family, and was then purchased for a few hundred pounds. Dr. Bode, who studied it some years ago, held that the traditional attribution to Santi di Tito was incorrect, and attributed the work to a Florentine artist painting in or before 1527.

\* "Machiavelli," By Ettore Janni. Translated by Marion Enthoven. (George G. Harrap and Co.; 12s. 6d. net.)



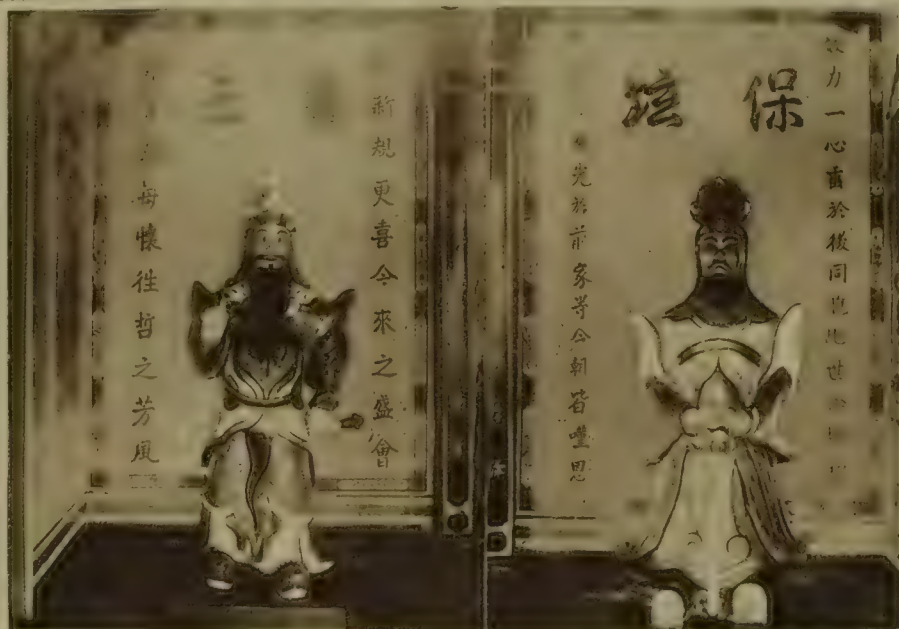


COMPLETE EVEN TO REPLICAS OF THE PROJECTING SPIKES UPON WHICH IT WAS CUSTOMARY TO IMPALE THE HEADS OF ENEMIES TAKEN IN RAID-BATTLES: THE DUPLICATE OF A MISSIRI FOR THOSE SUDANESE AND SENEGALESE WHO ARE MOHAMMEDAN.

## TRANSPLANTED TEMPLES: NATIVE GODS FOR COLOURED RECRUITS.



AT THE FÊTE HELD IN CELEBRATION OF THE TEMPLE-CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME: A NATIVE KING ATTENDING THE REJOICINGS—AND DULY TOP-HATTED FOR THE OCCASION.



MADE BY TWO ANNAMITE RECRUITS AT FRÉJUS: GUARDIANS OF THE TEMPLE MADE OF CLAY FROM A NEIGHBOURING SITE BY A SOLDIER-SCULPTOR AND PAINTED BY A SOLDIER-ARTIST.



ENTIRELY CONSTRUCTED AND DECORATED BY ORDINARY SOLDIERS IN TRAINING AT FRÉJUS: A BUDDHIST PAGODA IN THE ANNAMITE SECTION, A BUILDING NOTABLE FOR ITS ARTISTRY.



FETISHES FROM "DARKEST" AFRICA TRANSPORTED TO THE MILITARY CAMP AT FRÉJUS: NATIVE GODS IN A TRANSPLANTED TEMPLE—ONE OF THE STRUCTURES THAT WERE MOVED BODILY TO FRANCE.



TRANSPORTED FROM ITS NATIVE JUNGLE IN AFRICA TO FRÉJUS, IN FRANCE, THAT COLOURED RECRUITS OF THE FRENCH FORCES MAY FEEL AT HOME DURING THEIR MILITARY TRAINING: A TEMPLE FOR FETISH-WORSHIP.

To the military camp at Fréjus go all the coloured conscripts who, as French citizens, have to serve their time in the Army; and there are always from three to five thousand under training there. Every effort is made to prevent them becoming homesick: the most remarkable is here illustrated. Colonel Lame, a soldier of much Colonial experience who realised to the full the important part played by religious beliefs in the lives of those under his command on the Riviera, determined that his men should have opportunity to worship as they would, and

he was encouraged by the French Government. As a result, there are at Fréjus temples of various kinds—some of them transplanted bodily from Africa; others built in the camp in imitation of characteristic originals. Mohammedans, Buddhists, Fetishists—there is provision for all. Our photographs are self-explanatory; but it may be noted of the Missiri, perhaps, that the interior of this is open to the heavens, a huge court where the Marabout spreads his rug after calling the Faithful to prayer. An article is given on page 186.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DURING the last few days I have been taken on a conducted tour, by very competent guides, through much of the literary and journalistic history of the past century. It has been an enjoyable pilgrimage, especially as I am in a position to correlate some of the bookish records with topographical observation. A short distance from my house (as Wordsworth would put it) are former abodes of Keats and Leigh Hunt, and I could walk in twenty minutes to the spot mentioned in a passage about Hunt's sister-in-law, Bessy, telling how she refused an invitation to join him and his wife in Italy, "chiefly because of previous discords excited by her presence in Marianne's household—the same that had once made her throw herself into a pond at Hampstead, while Keats

figure prominently in "A HUNDRED YEARS OF PUBLISHING." Being the Story of Chapman and Hall, Ltd. By Arthur Waugh, Managing Director, 1902-1930. With Forty-one Illustrations (Chapman and Hall; 15s.). Here again is recorded the origin of "Pickwick," with the names of other writers who might have "deprived the world" thereof. Charles Whitehead, editor of the firm's new Library of Fiction, was the first invited to provide the text for Robert Seymour's plates. "Whitehead, however, shirked the task . . . but he was prolific with suggestions. It is said (and may be true) that he put forward, in swift succession, the names of such an ill-assorted medley as Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Hood, and John Poole. At any rate, it is certain that he did at last light upon inspiration in thinking of 'Boz.'"

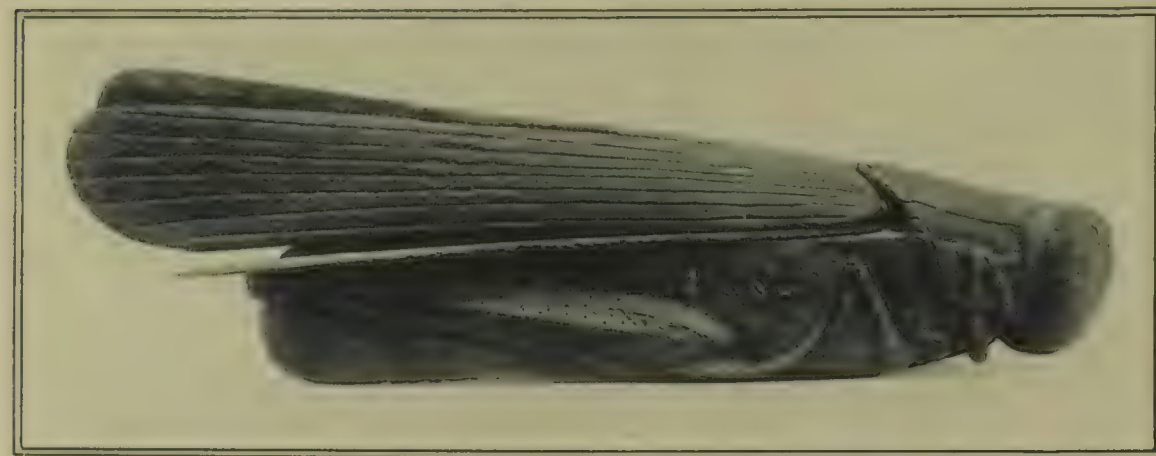
long control of the *Fortnightly*, combined with his work as Literary Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and Chairman of Chapman and Hall, Mr. Waugh says: "During the last month of his life, when his strength was failing, the chief burden of the work fell upon the devoted wife, who for years had been at his side as sub-editor and colleague."

Summing-up her husband's editorship in comparison with his predecessor, Mrs. Courtney writes: "He had not Morley's strength of purpose, he impressed his own personality less upon his contributors—he did not seek so to impress it; but he touched life at many more points, and his sympathies were wider. . . . He held that his countrymen could not be too fully and too widely instructed as to what was happening throughout the world." Mrs. Courtney has been sparing in the use of letters, of which her husband, she recalled, received a great number. Of those given, the most interesting is one from Joseph Conrad, explaining the idea of his story "The Nigger of the Narcissus." The humours of leader-writing are evidenced in an anecdote—"One evening a telephone ring, and our young footman comes in. 'Please Sir, China is in revolution, and they want you to come and deal with it.'"

In conjunction with the above-mentioned books I would strongly recommend three other noteworthy biographies that contain much of kindred interest. The founder of modern journalism, whom Fleet Street is commemorating by a bust outside St. Dunstan's Church, is admirably portrayed in "NORTHCLIFFE." An Intimate Biography. By Hamilton Fyfe. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 16s.). It is offered as the standard work on the subject, seeing that "no official biography has been or is likely to be published." One may perhaps guess the reason why, from later pages, but it does not appear to be explicitly stated. Hampstead, by the way, gathered fresh associations from Lord Northcliffe's early home, but I cannot say whether the house bears a recording tablet.

Another notable journalistic career—that of Livingston Hopkins, a well-known Australian cartoonist, is sympathetically told by his daughter, in "HOP OF THE 'BULLETIN.'" By Dorothy June Hopkins. Illustrated (Sydney: Angus and Robertson; London: the Australian Book Co.; 18s.). "Good-cartoons," as the author well says, "may be regarded as the milestones on the road of national events." Those of her father in the Sydney *Bulletin* contributed to the growth of "a definite White Australia policy." In 1913 he visited London and for-gathered with a kindred spirit, Sir F. Carruthers Gould ("F. C. G." of the *Westminster Gazette*).

Readers interested in the stage should not miss the racy reminiscences of a famous actor-manager (and in his youth a famous athlete)—"MY MEMOIRS." By Sir Frank Benson. Illustrated (Benn; 21s.). As an autobiographer, this eminent Shakespearean is "full of matter" that is vastly entertaining. His Oxford days provide at least one link with the late Editor of the *Fortnightly*, for he mentions that a dramatic society called the Philothespians "the matrix of the modern O.U.D.S.,



A WOODEN LOCUST MADE TO HOLD A LOCUST-FLESH PREPARATION? A VERY REALISTIC TOILET-BOX WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT THE 22ND EGYPTIAN DYNASTY.

Sending us the photograph here reproduced, a reader in Egypt writes: "I enclose a photograph of a locust. It is a carved wooden toilet-box which may have contained a preparation from the flesh of the locust which was supposed to have a medical or cosmetic value. The wings are movable, and form the lid of the box. This is some proof that the locust was not always considered to be a plague! The object is of about the 22nd Egyptian Dynasty, and is from Saqqara."

was waiting for his breakfast." That pond has long been as familiar to me as the Serpentine, where Shelley's first wife sought relief from her troubles more effectually.

The above-quoted passage, which calls up a whole scene by an allusive economy of words, typical of a writer steeped in the personalia of his period, comes from "LEIGH HUNT": A Biography. By Edmund Blunden. With Eight Colotype Plates (Cobden-Sanderson; 21s.). In these days of cheap superlatives and facile over-praise, it is hard to find words adequate to convince the reading public that a book is really of exceptional merit and importance. Such is the impression I want to convey regarding Mr. Blunden's work, which I should say is one of the best biographies written in our time. He has brought to his task the soul of a poet and the mind of a critic, tempered by the experience of one tried in the fires of war. He has taken infinite pains to sift and collate the mass of material bearing on his subject, and many of the passages quoted are (he tells us) "new to print or else to a biography of Hunt." Mr. Blunden's compact narrative sparkles with wit, humour, and felicity of phrase. In retracing a long and chequered career, that touched English life and literature at so many points, he has enabled us to see anew the men and women of an ever-fascinating group as they lived and moved.

Leigh Hunt deserves remembrance not only for his own work as poet and essayist, as the friend of Shelley, Keats, Byron, Lamb, and Hazlitt, but also as a champion of social and intellectual liberty, a pioneer of new ideas, and a discerning critic who saw and loved the highest in the writing of his day. He constantly acclaimed the greatness of Shelley and Keats at a time when it was popular to revile them, and throughout his sixty years he kept a fresh mind for the recognition of genius in younger men—as, for example, Tennyson.

Nowadays, I suppose, Leigh Hunt would be called a paciist. The man who could sympathise with the sufferings of a hooked fish (see his essay on angling) felt still more acutely those of the soldier, and when rumours of war were current (in 1835), he expressed this feeling in verse. As coming from the author of "Undertones of War," Mr. Blunden's description of Hunt's poem, "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," is particularly interesting. "This condemnation of armaments and battlefields (we read) is the more honourable to its author because he had not himself been exposed to the miseries which he had in mind. He took great trouble to know from authorities, with scarcely tolerable pain of thought, what *can* happen to flesh and blood in war."

Leigh Hunt's relations with Dickens form a link with the next book on my list. Writing of a time long before the unfortunate affair of Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House," Mr. Blunden says: "Hunt . . . was at one moment in danger of depriving the world of the *Pickwick Papers*, for the publishers, casting about for an author to ballast their comic artist, thought of Leigh Hunt. He could report vulgar conversations well, and described the ridiculous with gusto." Dickens especially, and (to a lesser extent) several other Victorian novelists, including Harrison Ainsworth, Trollope, and Meredith,

The begetter of *Pickwick* so dominates the first half of Mr. Waugh's work that he is constrained to say: "This book is the history of a firm, not the biography of a novelist; but it may very well seem to the reader that, whenever Charles Dickens enters the office of Chapman and Hall, he has a way of driving everybody else out of it. It was so in life; and it is bound to be the same in the story. Publishing for Dickens, for example, was a very different thing from publishing for Carlyle. . . . He lay hidden in his tent at Chelsea, and the messengers flickered to and fro with proofs and revises. But if Dickens had anything to complain about, he was down at the office in the twinkling of an eye." Closely associated with the Dickens epoch was his friend and biographer, John Forster, who long acted as the firm's literary adviser.

Dickens, however, is very far from monopolising the interest of Mr. Waugh's delightful book, which, in its manifold ramifications, almost amounts to a history of the publishing trade. Even in the earlier chapters there are irruptions of other celebrities. Anthony Trollope, for instance, was equally exacting, and "a terror to the staff." One of its veterans recalls that "he used to tramp into the office, as soon as the doors were open, clad in his pink coat, with a sheaf of proofs in his great side pocket, and how he would bang on the table with his 'hunting crop, and swear like a sergeant-major because there was no one in authority yet arrived to receive his hectic instructions." The latter part of the book introduces a multitude of modern names—among them those of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett—and covers such interesting episodes as George Meredith's work as the firm's "reader," in succession to John Forster; the historic Book War between the publishers and the *Times*; the development of circulating libraries and literary agents; and the sixty-five years' record of the *Fortnightly Review*; under the successive editorships of Lord Morley, T. H. S. Escott, Frank Harris, and W. L. Courtney.

The history of the *Fortnightly* is given still more fully in Mrs. Courtney's interesting little memoir of her husband—"THE MAKING OF AN EDITOR." W. L. Courtney, 1850-1928. With Portrait Frontispiece (Macmillan; 6s.). "It was my privilege," writes his widow, "more than forty years ago, to be his pupil at Oxford. Our marriage in 1911 brought me into still closer association with the daily tasks and trials of an Editor." What her help meant to him may be gathered from Mr. Arthur Waugh, who had also been a pupil of Courtney at New College in his Oxford days. Referring to Mr. Courtney's



ANOTHER INSTANCE OF REALISM IN ANCIENT ART: AN IVORY FOOT FROM A ROMAN STATUE.

"A right foot wearing a sandal (length, 5½ in.) is a Roman piece . . . originally attached to the rest of the statue by two dowels, of which the holes can still be seen."

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

had among its godfathers W. L. Courtney, Arthur Boucher, and H. B. Irving." Courtney was one of the supporters of Benson's production at Oxford of the "Agamemnon" in Greek, an event which initiated his dramatic career. Incidentally, he records the cricket prowess and hoaxing abilities of his cousin, Stephen Phillips, who, he mentions, closely resembled him in appearance. It would be interesting to compare Stephen Phillips's play "Paolo and Francesca" with Leigh Hunt's poem "The Story of Rimini" and D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," mentioned by Mrs. Courtney as the subject of an essay in the *Fortnightly* contributed by Arthur Symonds.

C. E. B.



## A Voyage of Artistic Discovery: South America—

By MARIUS HUBERT-ROBERT.

RÉGÈNE CALLAUD-BELLISLE'S description of the journey made by her husband, Marius Hubert-Robert, and herself in America, which took them from Alaska in the extreme north of one sub-continent to Terra del Fuego in the extreme south of the other, is full of glaring contrasts in scenery. The so-called Valley of Monuments in New Mexico at first gave the travellers the strong impression that they were passing a mediæval fortress, castellated and battlemented. By what freak was it found in the heart of the United States? Had some multi-millionaire bought and transported Carcassonne? . . . It was explained that the "towers" were only rocks, standing out sharp and square against the red sunset. In the foreground the whole desert



A CHILEAN MOUNTAIN AS SEEN BY A CELEBRATED FRENCH LANDSCAPE-PAINTER: THE OSUENO VOLCANO.



A TOWN TO WHICH EARTH HAD TO BE IMPORTED FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES: ANTOFAGASTA, IN NORTH CHILE.

was bright gold with eschscholtzias in flower. From that scene of aridity we pass to Colon and the Panama Isthmus—a country which enjoys the full exuberance of tropical fertility. The little islet of San-Blas, with its reed huts and dug-out canoes, was "a piece out of a dream," without a vestige of civilisation, and, as the boat passed close under some island, the writer and the artist could snatch handfuls of palm leaves from the deck. Again the scene changes to one of vast grandeur: we are in Peru, on Lake Titicaca, a sheet of water as big as Cornwall and Devon together, and 4000 feet high. Its shores are practically desert, and it forms the barrier between Bolivia and Peru. Only towards evening the mountains are turned to rose-colour by the powerful horizontal sunlight; while the lake goes a deep shining blue in reflection, without ever losing its perfect, undisturbed limpidity. Thence the travellers went, not inappropriately, to Cuzco, the ruined capital of Inca civilisation. They passed stone statues, fragments of tombstones covered with geometrical patterns, lonely columns jutting up, a ruined portico or the remains of some palace of yore.

[Continued on Next Page.]



IN A COUNTRY OF GRIM MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES, VARIED WITH FERTILE VALLEYS IN WHICH GAUCHOS DRIVE THE CATTLE. A SCENE IN THE ANDES ON THE FRONTIER OF THE ARGENTINE.



## A Famous French Landscape Painter in the New World: Panama and Peru

By MARIUS HUBERT-ROBERT.

THEN back again to civilisation and the bustle of humanity. Arequipa, a market-town in the south of Peru: the natives in the market-place sit crouched among their brightly-coloured goods, wearing a sort of white top hat, and talking at a great rate in guttural and debased Spanish. Mme. Callaud-Bellisile and her husband after passing through the Tacna-Arica district, which has gained a widespread, though unhappy, notoriety through the long dispute between Chile and Peru for its possession—came to Antofagasta, a large town in the north of Chile. Tacna is an area of astonishing fertility where the ordinary size of vegetables is increased tenfold. A cabbage that was on view took up the whole of one cart; grape pips there are as large as plums; while to take one onion to market you have to use a wheelbarrow! Geologically, as well as politically, it is rather a storm centre, and boasts on an average nine earthquakes a year! But Antofagasta is built on nothing more fertile than sheer rock or sand. To make even an approach at a garden, earth has had to be brought in bulk from the districts that are more fortunate in this



'A PIECE OUT OF A DREAM': M. HUBERT-ROBERT'S VISION OF A LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE IN PANAMA STATE



FOUR THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, AND THE FRONTIER OF BOLIVIA AND PERU: THE CALM SURFACE OF LAKE TITICACA; WITH AN INDIAN BOAT "LIKE A FLOATING BASKET."

respect. That a little flower-grown park has been created there says something for the tenacity of the Chileans. Frequently the coast towns of Chile and, indeed, of Peru—at which Mme. Callaud-Bellisile landed, had no piers or harbour facilities for disembarking passengers inshore: the operation had to be carried out two kilometres away from the land, through the medium of small boats which came alongside the steamer. She describes the mounting to a swaying rope ladder, from a boat lurching on Pacific rollers, as no easy operation; the fact the sea was infested all around with hungry "sea-wolves" ready to drag down the unfortunate who missed his foothold and fell, tended to give the excitement rather a feverish turn. And now the travellers proposed to cross from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast of South America. They slept the night at Los Andes, a station on the railway that now links Chile with Argentina. Snow had fallen during the night; the hotel was not heated, and in spite of numerous blankets and even mattresses piled on top, it was impossible to keep warm even in bed. But once settled in the train the voyagers' discomfort was turned to joy; first because they contrived to keep the cold at bay, and then at the magnificent views which met their gaze. The carriage was a kind of saloon with large windows all round to facilitate this. Beside the train ran a

primitive road, a mere track which, in wriggling round some precipice, sometimes became so narrow that there was room for only one horse to go: originally this track was the only link between Argentine and Chile. As the train climbed to higher altitudes, breathing became more difficult, and when the 3000-metre (roughly 9000 ft.) mark was passed, some curious things happened in the saloon. A girl began to cry and a woman gave way to a nervous breakdown, while a missionary recited his breviary aloud in a stuttering voice. Everyone suffered from headaches: they groaned and went grey. Only M. Hubert-Robert contrived to keep his presence of mind by making sketches—for which the slowness of the train provided him with ample opportunities. At last, like the conclusion of an argument, after mounting incline after incline, they saw the "Calvary of the Andes," planted on a summit, in a setting too grandiose for anything less than the divine. At this height, says Mme. Callaud-Bellisile: "We knew very well that we had passed outside the realm of humanity." Soon, however, they descended on to the pampas—the monotony of endless rolling grasslands only occasionally broken by a marsh. From the train the skeletons of dead beasts were often to be seen, and a few scattered Gauchos going their rounds on the enormous ranches of the Argentine. Then back into the twentieth century: Civilisation and Society in modern Buenos Aires.



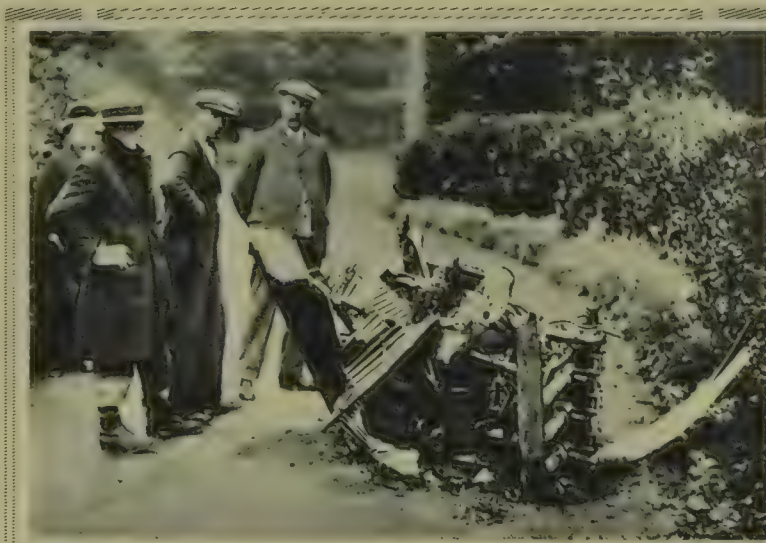
WITH NATIVES DRESSED IN BRIGHT SHAWLS AND A SORT OF WHITE TOP HAT: THE MARKET-PLACE AT AREQUIPA, IN SOUTH PERU



# THE FATAL CRASH AT MEOPHAM: THE WRECKED 'PLANE; THE VICTIMS.



KILLED IN THE AEROPLANE CRASH AT MEOPHAM: MRS. HENRIK LOEFFLER, THE WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS, AND SIR EDWARD S. WARD, BT., AT LE TOUQUET.



FOUND ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM THE WRECKED MAIN PORTION OF THE ILL-FATED AEROPLANE: THE ENGINE IN THE DRIVE OF LEYLANDS COURT.



A VICTIM OF THE CRASH AT MEOPHAM; WITH HER HUSBAND, WHOM SHE HAD BEEN VISITING: VISCOUNTESS EDNAM, SISTER OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



THE MAIN PORTION OF THE AEROPLANE NEAR THE BUNGALOW IT MISSED NARROWLY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE WIND-SCREEN OF THE PILOT'S COCKPIT (TOUCHING THE GROUND) AND (BEHIND THE COCKPIT) THE PASSENGERS' CABIN.



THE MAIN PORTION OF THE AEROPLANE NEAR THE BUNGALOW: SHOWING ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE PASSENGERS' CABIN AND A WING CRUMPLED AGAINST THE GROUND.



KILLED IN THE CRASH: MR. CHARLES D'URBAN SHEARING, THE SECOND PILOT, WHO WAS FORMERLY IN THE R.A.F.



THE PILOT: THE LATE LT.-COL. G. L. P. HENDERSON, A FAMOUS AIRMAN WHO FOUGHT IN THE GREAT WAR.



THE TAIL UNIT OF THE WRECKED AEROPLANE: A PART OF THE MACHINE WHICH WAS FOUND SOME THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE MAIN PORTION.



KILLED: THE THIRD MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, SPEAKER OF THE SENATE OF NORTHERN IRELAND.

On July 21, the all-metal Junker monoplane G-AAZK, bound from the Berck Aerodrome, Le Touquet, to Croydon, crashed near the village green of Meopham, some five miles south of Gravesend. All aboard her were killed—Viscountess Ednam, sister of the Duke of Sutherland, and daughter-in-law of the Earl of Dudley; Mrs. Henrik Loeffler, who was well known as a hostess; the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, the first Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland; Sir Edward S. Ward, Bt., a former officer in the Grenadier Guards, and son of the late Sir Edward Ward, famous as Director of Supplies in the South African War, and, later, Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office; Lt.-Col. George L. P.

Henderson, the pilot, a fine airman who devoted himself to civilian flying after a distinguished flying career during the War; and Mr. C. D'Urban Shearing, the second pilot, formerly of the R.A.F. At present, it is impossible to name the cause of the disaster. Apparently, the machine came to pieces in the air. The main part of the aeroplane struck the ground near a bungalow and the pilot fell with it. The tail was found in a field about three hundred yards away. A wing came to earth a mile further away. The engine crashed on to the drive of Leylands Court, an unoccupied private house about a quarter of a mile away. The passengers and the second pilot were thrown into an adjoining orchard.



## THE NEWS IN PICTURES: ITEMS OF WORLD-INTEREST.



**A PECULIAR PHASE OF THE NATIONALIST AGITATION IN INDIA: VOLUNTEERS LYING ON THEIR BACKS OUTSIDE ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA, WHILE PICKETTING.** By organised picketting, such as that illustrated above, the extremist Nationalist Volunteers succeeded in seriously interfering with the law examinations due to be held at Calcutta University on July 8. Appeals made by the University authorities, including the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Urquhart, had, in this case, no effect. At Midnapur, where a number of arrests were made, schools were also picketted—as they were at Barisal; while at Faridpur the students struck.



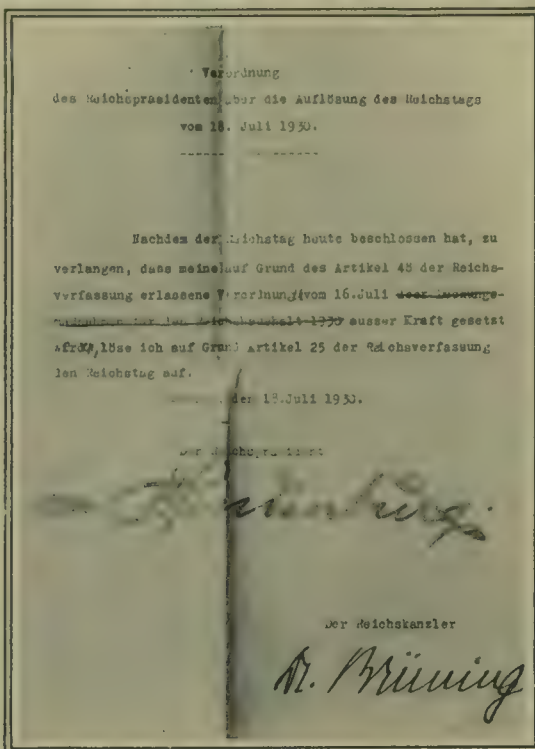
**ANTI-COMMUNIST FEELING IN FINLAND: UPWARDS OF 10,000 PEASANTS PARADED IN THE MAIN SQUARE OF HELSINGFORS TO DEMONSTRATE AGAINST COMMUNISM.** The anti-Communist agitation in Finland is naturally linked in most people's minds with the amazing scene that recently occurred in the Finnish Diet, when two Communist deputies were abducted, in face of the whole House, by men who tried to pretend that they were agents of the Finnish Secret Police. This action has, however, been condemned unanimously by newspapers of all parties as likely to lead to anarchy if the mischief is allowed to spread. Since then several pieces of legislation indirectly aimed at Communist influence and organisations have been passed; but the efforts of the extreme anti-Communists and "Fascists" to force through a "Government Security Bill" and a Bill amending the franchise being frustrated by the unyielding opposition of the Socialist bloc, President Relander, in face of the deadlock, has dissolved the Diet.



**DURING HIS TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS THROUGH THE "FREED" RHINELAND: PRESIDENT HINDENBURG, WITH DR. CURTIUS AND PRESIDENT HELD, OF BAVARIA, AT SPEYER.**



**ERECTED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE AT BRUSSELS: THE FORMAL DAIIS IN THE PARC CINQUANTENAIRE.**



**TYPESCRIPT OF GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL IMPORTANCE: THE FIRM DECREE BY WHICH PRESIDENT HINDENBURG EXERCISED HIS PREROGATIVE OF DISSOLVING THE REICHSTAG ON JULY 18, JUST BEFORE HIS RHINELAND TOUR.**



**ON THE BALCONY AT SPEYER: PRESIDENT HINDENBURG AT THE FIRST TOWN HE VISITED DURING HIS TOUR OF THE LIBERATED RHINELAND.**

The last sitting of the Fourth Reichstag of the German Republic opened on July 18 in tense excitement. The question at issue was the Socialist motion to rescind a recent Presidential decree embodying Government emergency revenue measures (to deal chiefly with unemployment). When the result of the voting on this question was made known and it was clear that the Socialists had defeated the Government on this amendment by 236 votes to 221, the Chancellor stood up and read the dissolution decree he had obtained in advance from the President. President von Hindenburg began, on the next day, his tour of the formerly occupied territory at Speyer in the Palatinate, and by evening had reached Mainz in a triumphal progress by land and water, on which joyful Rhinelanders cheered him tumultuously. On the morning of July 20, the President toured Mainz. Later he left for Wiesbaden—once the headquarters of the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine.



**A GROUP INCLUDING THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE LITTLE PRINCESS JOSÉPHINE CHARLOTTE: THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.** July 21 was the culminating point of the programme of celebrations of the Centenary of Belgian Independence at Brussels. It began with a solemn Te Deum, which was sung at the Cathedral of St. Gudule. After the service, the King and Queen visited the monument on the "Place des Martyrs" where they laid wreaths on the tombs of the Belgian heroes who fell in the revolution of 1830, when Belgium shook off the yoke of a Dutch dynasty which had been imposed upon her by the Viennese treaties, after the Napoleonic Wars. In the afternoon a great patriotic ceremony had been organised in the Parc Cinquantenaire: the sun smiled on the scene after rain had fallen, and the King and Queen arrived, accompanied by the royal Princes and Princesses. Patriotic speeches were delivered, and finally King Albert spoke himself, and his words were frequently interrupted by enthusiastic cheers. The festivities concluded with a grand march-past of regiments and patriotic societies; and the Royal Family, accompanied by huge crowds, visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.



## THE GRAVE FIGHTING IN ALEXANDRIA: THE "TWO-HOURS' SILENCE" RIOT.



INFANTRY OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY CALLED INTO ALEXANDRIA TO QUELL THE RIOTING: GUARDING THE RUE SHERIF PASHA, THE "BOND STREET" OF THE CITY, WHERE WINDOWS WERE BROKEN BUT LOOTING WAS PREVENTED.



WHEN "CARTLOADS" OF MISSILES WERE USED BY THE CROWDS: MEMBERS OF THE MOB ARMED WITH STONES PREPARATORY TO THROWING THEM AT THE MANSHIA POLICE-STATION.—THE MAN ON THE RIGHT WITH A "NAHAS PASHA" MANIFESTO.



SINCE PROMOTED FOR HIS SERVICES ON THE DAY OF THE OUTBREAK: BIMBASHI T. W. FRAZER BEY, NOW SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE ALEXANDRIA CITY POLICE, PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE HE WAS BESIEGED IN A SHOP BY THE MOB AND HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY IN ESCAPING.

Thanks to a Wafd demonstration and a "two-hours' silence" in memory of "martyrs for the Constitution," very serious rioting took place in Alexandria on July 15. So dangerous were the organised attacks on the defenceless police that Egyptian infantry and cavalry were called in. On the arrival of these reinforcements, the situation, which had been grave until midday, became less menacing, the mob being driven back into the native quarters, throwing stones and bottles as they retreated, action which made it necessary for the troops and police to fire a certain number of shots. Earlier, the crowd had broken many shop windows, had kept the police on the move by throwing "cartloads" of stones



SHOWING (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) A POLICE LORRY OVERTURNED BY THE MOB AND (IN THE FOREGROUND) RESCUERS JUST AFTER THEY HAD HELPED A DISMOUNTED AND STONED POLICEMAN INTO THE TRAM: IN MOHAMED ALI SQUARE, WHERE MUCH OF THE FIGHTING TOOK PLACE, ON JULY 15.



AT THE MANSHIA POLICE STATION, WHICH WAS BESIEGED BY THE MOB: POLICE ON GUARD, AFTER THEY HAD HAD TO FIRE ON THE CROWD; AND AN OVERTURNED LORRY.

and bottles, and had imprisoned police at the Manshia Karacol, threatening them to such an extent that they had to open fire in self-defence. By night, the place was quiet; but the outbreak as a whole is regarded as having been the worst since that of 1921. In the House, on July 21, Mr. Arthur Henderson said that 19 persons had been killed, that 10 police and 53 civilians were in hospital, and that 39 police and 65 civilians were out-patients. - The Egyptian Army had had 4 officers and 4 men wounded. He added that no British troops were employed. The men seen in the foreground of the last photograph had just assisted into the tram a policeman who had been unhorsed and stoned.







## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



MOTORING POLICE FOR THE CHASING OF "ROAD-HOGS": A "SPEED COP." ON HIS MOTOR-CYCLE.

Hove has now its own version of the "speed cop," of the United States—a force of constables, mounted on fast motor-cycles, whose business it is to chase any drivers infringing the traffic regulations and bring them to book. It is suggested that many road police should be employed.

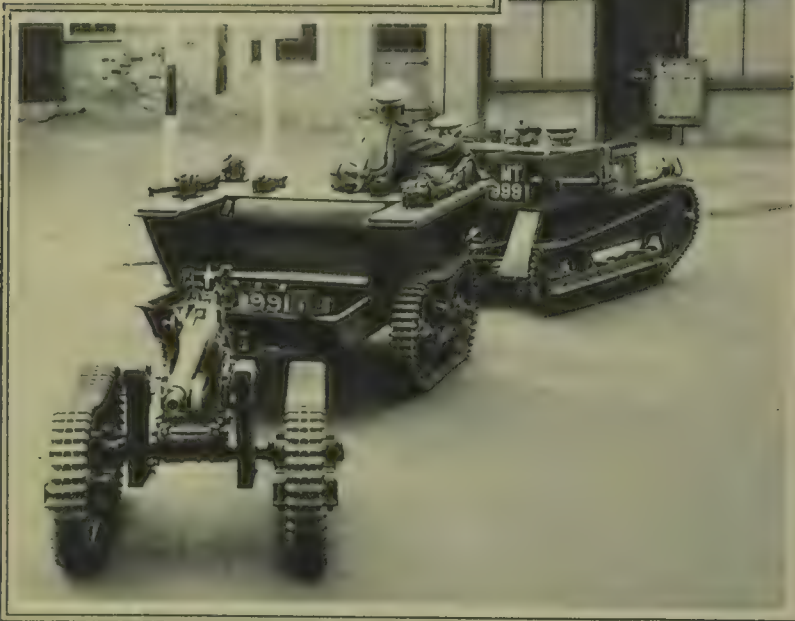


AN UNUSUAL WAY OF TRANSPORTING A SUBMARINE: THE FRENCH "ARGONAUTE" PASSING THROUGH LYONS—TUGGED ALONG THE SAÔNE IN A SPECIAL "BARGE." The "Argonaute" is here seen in her "barge" while being conveyed from Chalon-sur-Saône to her Mediterranean base.



KETCH-RIGGED FOR HER VOYAGE TO AMERICA: "SHAM-ROCK V." LEAVING GOSPORT ON JULY 20.

"Shamrock V.", challenger for the "America's" Cup, left Gosport for the United States on July 20, accompanied by the "Erin." She is ketch-rigged for the voyage, which should take about a month. The arrangement is that she shall touch at the Azores and then sail direct to Newport, Rhode Island.



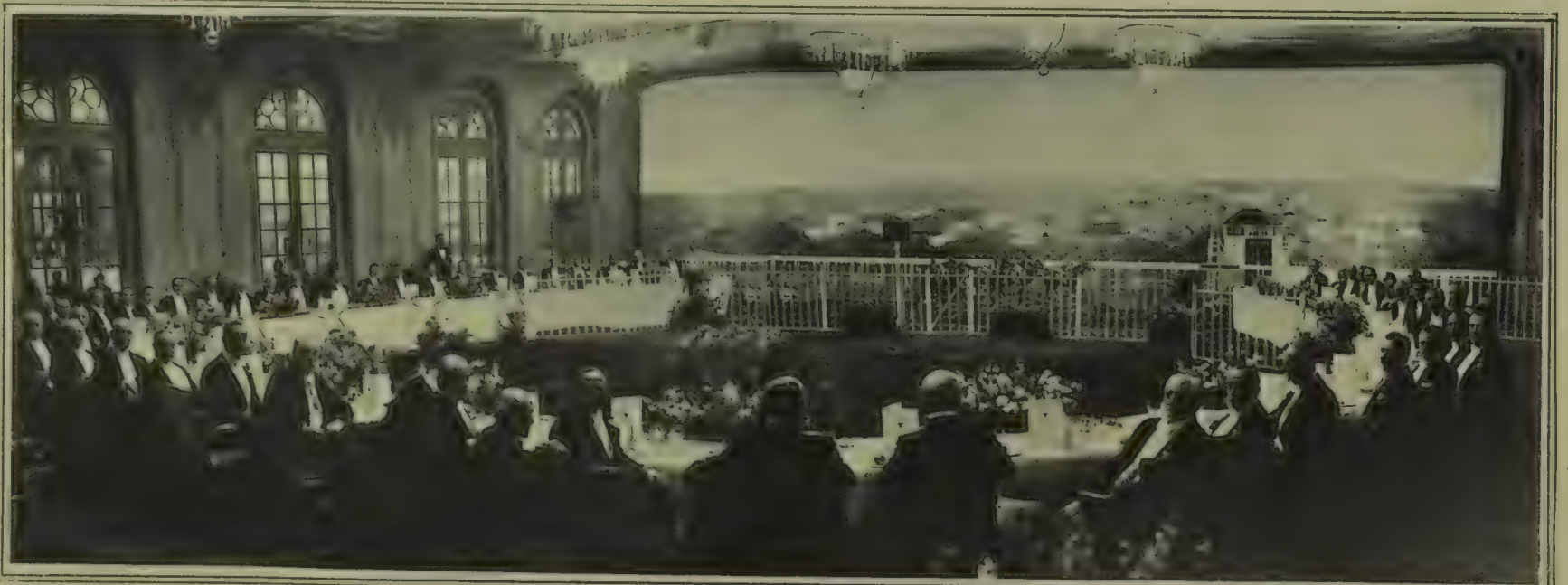
AN "ANT" ON THE MARCH: AN ANTI-TANK GUN AND ITS LIMBER DRAWN BY A "TANKETTE" DURING THE ARMY TRAINING NOW IN PROGRESS AS A PRELUDE TO A "WAR" IN SEPTEMBER.

The anti-tank guns of the British Army are familiarly known as "Ants." The particular type here shown is the "Orlinkan," and, as is seen, it is tracked. The tracked limber will carry four men. The tractor in this case is a "tankette." Further illustrations dealing with the mechanisation of the Army will be found elsewhere in this number.



BURYING HOLY WRIT: THE INTERMENT IN ENFIELD CEMETERY OF THE REMAINS OF SACRED SCROLLS WHICH WERE PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY A FIRE AT THE SPITALFIELDS GREAT SYNAGOGUE.

Last March there was a fire at the Spitalfields Great Synagogue, and certain sacred scrolls were partially destroyed. In accordance with custom, these remains of Holy Writ have now been buried, encased in an earthenware vessel, in a grave six feet square and five feet deep. Special prayers were recited. The ritual dates back to the cradle of the Jewish race.



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RACE-COURSE AS DECORATION FOR A BANQUET: EPSOM DOWNS AS SEEN ON DERBY DAY—WITH TATTENHAM CORNER, THE FINISH, AND THE HILL—AT THE "BLENHEIM" DINNER-PARTY AT THE SAVOY.

Having drawn Blenheim, the 1930 winner, in the Derby Sweepstake of the H.B. Club, Mr. Claude Leigh recently gave a dinner-party to members of that club, and to certain other friends. This

was held in the main banqueting hall of the Savoy, which was specially decorated for the occasion in the manner here illustrated—with a painted Epsom Downs on Derby Day.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



YOUNGER SONS OF THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE "BACCALAURÉAT": THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCE JUAN (LEFT) AND PRINCE GONZALO BEING EXAMINED IN SCIENCE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRID.

Prince Juan was born on June 20, 1913, and Prince Gonzalo on October 24, 1914. Prince Alfonso, the King's eldest son, was born on May 10, 1907; and his Majesty's second son, Prince Jaime, on June 23, 1908.



THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIX MOTOR RACE IN DUBLIN: THE WINNER—HERR CARRACIOLA, IN A SUPER-CHARGED MERCEDES—LEADING LORD HOWE AT ONE OF THE SAND-BAGGED CORNERS.

The Irish International Grand Prix Motor Race, run in Phoenix Park, was won by the German, Herr Carraciola, whose speed averaged 85.88 miles an hour. Campari, in an Alfa Romeo, was second; Earl Howe, third.



THE ROUND-EUROPE AIR CONTEST: MISS WINIFRED SPOONER "BRAKING" HER MACHINE WHILE THE ENGINE WAS BEING TESTED IN GERMANY BEFORE THE START. The competitors in the second International Round-Europe Contest for Light Aeroplanes left the Tempelhofenfeld, the air-port of Berlin, on July 20, to fly a circuit of about 4750 miles. The only women flying are Miss Spooner and Lady Bailey.



THE PRINCE OF WALES INTERESTED IN GLIDING: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TALKING TO HERR KRONFELD AFTER HAVING FLOWN TO IVINGHOE BEACON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, TO WITNESS A DEMONSTRATION.

The demonstration was specially arranged for the Prince by the British Gliding Association and the London Gliding Club, and his Royal Highness flew to it, accompanied by Prince George. Captain Latimer Needham first took the air; to be followed by Herr Robert Kronfeld, the Austrian expert. In the photograph (from left to right) are Herr Kronfeld; Mr. Ashwell Cook, the Chairman of the London Gliding Club; the Prince; and Mr. Gordon England, of the British Gliding Association.



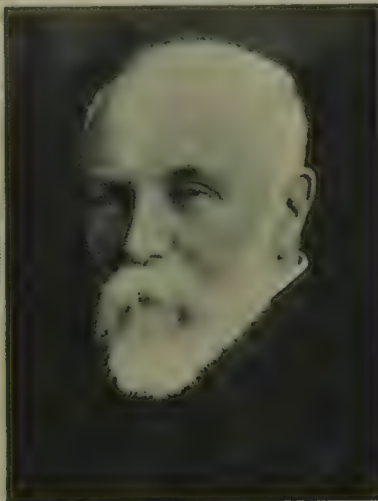
THE IRISH FREE STATE PRESIDENT CONGRATULATING THE WINNER OF THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIX MOTOR RACE: MR. COSGRAVE AND HERR CARRACIOLA.

Mr. Cosgrave, the President of the Irish Free State Executive Council, started the Irish International Grand Prix Motor Race in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and was one of the first to congratulate the winner and other successful competitors.



MISS GLADYS GRACE.

Killed in an air crash on July 20 while flying at Detling accompanied by Lieut. S. E. H. Spencer, of Portsmouth Submarine Depot. Daughter of Vice-Admiral H. E. Grace, and a grand-daughter of that great cricketer Dr. W. G. Grace.



SIR ROBERT STOUT.

Has died at the age of eighty-five. For twenty-seven years Chief Justice of New Zealand, and also a former Attorney-General, Minister, Prime Minister, and Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Born in the Shetlands. A Privy Councillor.



MISS ELEANOR HARRISON.

Captured (with Miss Nettleton) by Chinese bandits at Chungang, Northern Fukien. A £10,000 ransom has been demanded in a letter her captors ("the District Soviet Government") compelled Miss Harrison to write. Both ladies belong to the Church Missionary Society.



SIR BINOD MITTER.

Died in London on July 20, in his fifty-ninth year. A distinguished Indian jurist who was selected for the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—as an additional and salaried member—in February of last year.



# A MACABRE DISCOVERY: INQUISITION-VICTIMS LOWERED TO SLOW DEATH?



THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY OF ROPED BODIES OF "VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION": THE BUILDING, IN CUENCA, AT WHOSE BASE THE GRIM "DUNGEON" WAS FOUND.



OUTSIDE THE "DUNGEON": THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH IT IS BELIEVED THE DOOMED MEN WERE LOWERED THAT THEY MIGHT BE LEFT TO DIE.



VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION? A DOCTOR STUDYING SOME OF THE ROPED BODIES DISCOVERED IN A "DUNGEON" IN THE TOWN OF CUENCA, SPAIN, AND THOUGHT TO BE THE REMAINS OF MEN LOWERED ALIVE AND LEFT TO DIE A LINGERING DEATH.



WITHIN THE "DUNGEON": A VIEW SHOWING CERTAIN OF THE BODIES AND THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE MEN-HAPLESS VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION—ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN LOWERED.

In connection with the most gruesome discovery here illustrated, the Madrid correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" wrote recently: "A macabre find in the town of Cuenca is reported in the Madrid newspaper 'El Liberal.' Masons were working on the spot where there once stood a seminary of students of Latin, and next to which still stands

the Church of Santa Cruz. While working at a place contiguous to the church, the masons' blows demolished part of the wall. Entering through the aperture, the men found a large number of bodies in extraordinary postures. Around many of the bodies were pieces of hempen rope, apparently used to let them down while yet alive. It is supposed that the find is a relic of the days of the Inquisition. Judging from this evidence, the victims went through dreadful death struggles."



WILLS'S  
'GOLD FLAKE'  
SATISFY







# BARRIE ON TOBACCO

*From "My Lady Nicotine."*

Nothing is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely everyone will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobaccos, it is myself. There is only one Mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once, you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

## Craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO  
MADE BY CARRERAS LIMITED, LONDON

Ordinary or Broad Cut. Airtight Tins, 2 oz. 2/5; 4 oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge form.



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## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

FEW, I think, would deny that among the novels of the month Mr. A. P. Herbert's "Water Gipsies" holds pride of place, and many will affirm that it is the best novel published this year. Like Mr. Priestley's "Good Companions," it shows the influence of Dickens. It is a cross-section of English social life; but the majority of its many characters belong to a stratum that has hitherto been explored by comparatively few novelists—the "floating" population of the canals that radiate from London. Gipsies, Mr. Herbert calls them; but they are not real Zingari; it is only seldom that they can overflow, as it were, the banks of their canals. They do not enjoy the freedom of movement possessed by Mr. Priestley's band of strolling players; their lives are artificially circumscribed and compressed. Compression engenders friction, and friction leads to explosion. Half the tragedies in life occur through people not being able to get away from each other. Mr. Herbert makes the most of the possibilities for drama provided by the close quarters at which his characters live. Jane Bell was a servant girl, with romantic notions of life founded on and fostered by the cinema and the Sunday papers. She did not want to marry Fred; he had none of the qualities of a film hero: he was tongue-tied and stolid and lack-lustre. She could not marry Mr. Bryan, whose studio she cleaned out and for whom she occasionally posed; he had all the necessary romantic qualities, but he belonged to the aristocracy and was (she thought) beyond her reach. So she compromised and married Ernest Higgins, a Socialist with a lively temperament and the gift of the gab. They did not make each other happy. The bickering, that before marriage had led to renewals of love, after marriage led to increasing exasperation. Feeling ran high, and there was a catastrophe. Much of the psychology in the book is admirable. Jane certainly did not murder her husband, but indirectly she was the cause of his death. Granted that she had ceased to care for him, could she have taken his death so lightly? She was not a sensitive plant; her strongest emotions were evoked not by life but by fiction; but to be so completely unmoved by his violent end argues an inhuman callousness. This is the chief flaw in a varied, amusing, and delightful story. Modern novels are drab, but "The Water Gipsies" makes contemporary English life seem like a pageant and a procession. Mr. Herbert excels in set pieces—the Derby, the Dog Races, a skittles match in an inn: he can command the holiday air, he can depict a number of people gathered together to enjoy themselves, and make their enjoyment real to the reader. He deserves our gratitude as well as our admiration.

Mr. Alec Waugh also paints a picture of modern life, but on a narrower canvas and with a less purely æsthetic aim. He shows us a number of well-to-do young women, all rather restless and aimless, making their first experiments in life and love. They meet men who attract them, they are taken out to lunch and dinner, escorted to social functions, made love to; but the men mean nothing serious: they are only amusing themselves, only putting into practice their experience and knowledge of the world. Their hearts are not engaged, hardly touched, indeed. They can plead in their defence that they did not "make the running": Jean and Melanie and Julia met them half-way, and were "fair game." But were they fair game? "... Sir, She Said" does not answer this question, but it answers another one, related to it: for none of the girls is harmed by her adventures. The current of life, Mr. Waugh thinks, soon sweeps away the memory of early superficial disappointments. "... Sir, She Said" is a neatly planned, competently written book, and shows considerable knowledge of the human heart.

Mr. Maurice Baring takes us back to the England of the Reformation. Unlike many historical novelists, he does not rely on detail to convey the atmosphere of his period: but his few slight touches evoke it, none the less. A general discussion of religious issues is outside his scheme: they are fought out in the heart of the protagonist, who clings to the religion of his ancestors. Rightly or wrongly, he believes he has betrayed it; rightly or wrongly, he believes he has betrayed the woman whom he really loved. Unable to practise his Faith in England, he goes to Rome, where he wears out his days in homesickness and remorse. "Robert Peckham" is a pale, sad story,

strangely lacking in free-will or hopefulness or high spirits; but with a profound sense of the importance of motive and conduct in human life, and of the unhappiness that comes from an unquiet conscience.

"The Flames of Moscow" is, considered as a historical romance, the direct antithesis of "Robert Peckham." It describes the burning of Moscow, and the political events that preceded and followed it, by means of a succession of short, vivid pictures. The entire appeal of the book is to the eye. Ivan Lukash adopts the cinema technique invented by the author of "Jew Süss"; but he carries it a stage further, for his central figure is a man without personality; he is merely a thread that persists among others that are cut short. Mr. Lukash is extraordinarily successful in bringing the past before the mind's eye: the scenes follow each other so naturally and convincingly that one seems to be living in the period. But the mind's eye tires of the strain put upon it, just as does the physical eye: we begin to long for reflection, for analysis, for something stationary and non-visual in the flux of pictures. Hundreds of figures flit across the stage; and the personal appearance of each one, in the Russian fashion, is fully described. "The Flames of Moscow" is an impressive *tour-de-force*; but it is ultimately monotonous.

"Without Cherry Blossom" is topical and controversial. The author, in these short stories, returns

him, occupies his father and his immediate circle of friends unceasingly. Mr. Faulkner has a wide knowledge of contemporary fiction; he has read and taken to heart the works of Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, and D. H. Lawrence; but, at any rate in this book, he has not been able to combine his own talent (which is considerable) and his imitative faculty into a coherent work of art.

"The Wind from the West" which supplies Miss Hinkson with a title is, as the book develops, incarnated in the person of Peter Quincey, who comes to trouble the aristocratic repose of an old French family, somewhat devitalised by centuries of in-breeding. Miss Hinkson gives a vivid picture of the country life of a noble French family, impoverished but not ruined; but, taken as a whole, her story is lacking in movement and spontaneity; the enlivening zephyr does no more than ruffle its pages.

In their latest work Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Helen Simpson have forsaken the stadium of serious social observation to frolic in the amusement park of a detective story and satiric comedy. "Printer's Devil" describes the mysterious murder of Miss Horrie Pedler, a woman publisher of unequalled tact, talent, and virtue; also the flutter caused in cultured dove-cots by the return of another, more baleful genius, Marmion Poole, a sort of combined Byron and Oscar Wilde. In both its aspects it bears the marks of a distinguished origin. The mystery is exciting, the comedy amusing; but it has its faults. It is rather haphazard and off-hand; the loose ends are knotted up with the conscientious neatness of a professional mystery-writer. Besides, the authors do not convince us of the genius of the chief characters. Miss Pedler is so indiscreet one finds it difficult to believe she could have run a newspaper stand successfully. And the one example we are given of Mr. Poole's work is not impressive.

The best things in "The Crystal Beads Murder" are the scenes from cottage life; Miss Haynes's detective does not always play fair with the reader; he "picks up a clue" and keeps it to himself, which is surely cheating. The authors of "Burglars in Bucks" write well in a lively and colloquial style; but the crime is hardly serious enough to command one's interest. "Murder on the Palisades," though Mr. Levinrew's first book, is a detective story much above the average, both in conception and execution.

"Great Sea Stories of All Nations" has a somewhat misleading title. The book is rather an anthology of prose connected with the sea. Many of the extracts are not stories at all. However, this does not matter. They are for the most part well worth reading, and they contain an enormous range of subject and nationality. We heave upon the ocean from China to Peru, or, more exactly, from Sweden to Japan. It is hard to say which extract is the best; indeed, it is a matter for personal preference. Perhaps "Moby Dick" and the Odyssey are most sublime. The quotation from "Youth" is the most beautiful. In a different manner Southey's account of the Death of Nelson would rouse the heart of a war novelist. Speaking for myself, however, the echo I bore in my heart the longest was that evoked by Hans Andersen's frail, lovely, lacerating little "Mermaid."

The Water Gipsies. By A. P. Herbert. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

"... Sir, She Said." By Alec Waugh. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)

Robert Peckham. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Flames of Moscow. By Ivan Lukash. (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d. net.)

Without Cherry Blossom. By Pantelimon Romanoff. (Benn; 7s. 6d. net.)

Kyra, My Sister. By Panait Istrati. (Toulmin; 7s. 6d. net.)

Soldier's Pay. By William Faulkner. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net.)

Wind from the West. By Pamela Hinkson. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net.)

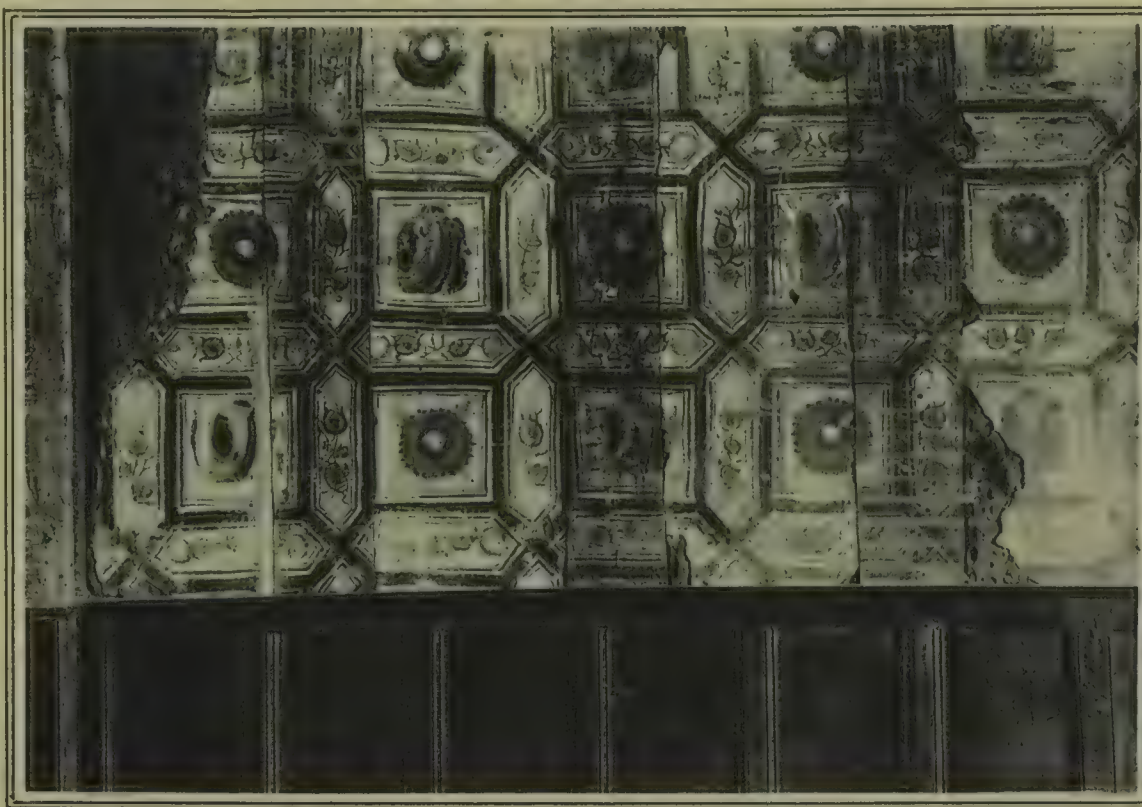
Printer's Devil. By Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Crystal Beads Murder. By Annie Haynes. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

Burglars in Bucks. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

Murder on the Palisade. By Will Levinrew. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d. net.)

Great Sea Stories of All Nations. Edited by H. M. Tomlinson. (Harrap; 8s. 6d. net.)



ELIZABETHAN WALL DECORATIONS OF A MOST UNUSUAL CHARACTER FOUND BEHIND PLASTER: A SECTION OF THE MURAL PAINTINGS, WHICH DATE FROM 1600 OR EARLIER, DISCOVERED IN THE OLD MANOR HOUSE, BARHAMS.

The alterations that are being carried out in the Manor House, Barhams, which is in the parish of Higham, near Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk, have disclosed painted wall decorations of a very unusual kind. These were found behind the later period plaster walls of the partly panelled large upper-floor parlour. They date from about 1600, if not from before that, and they are in red and black on a ground of thin white plaster. Above the later period ceiling there are other signs of the paintings, finished off with a frieze. Further, the painted designs are carried over the vertical oak beams of the room. The present owner of the house is Mr. T. Sanderson Furniss.—[Photograph by the "Times."]

constantly to two themes: the psychology of women, as illustrated in the passion of love, and the effect of the Russian Revolution on the relations of the sexes. The latter he seems to regard as deplorable. "But this neglect of the beautiful, the pure and the healthy, leads to an appalling hooliganism in our intimate relationships. It begets a coarseness, a lack of ceremony, a fear of showing the least human delicacy of feeling or of sensibility or care towards one's woman friend or any of the girls. . . . For us love does not exist; we have only sexual relationships. And so love is scornfully relegated to the realm of psychology, and our right to existence is only understood physiologically." So writes a woman to her friend. Nearly all the stories, when not actually told by the heroine in her own words, are written from the woman's point of view. They are full of interesting matter, and are much more human than most short stories out of Soviet Russia; but they suffer a little from Mr. Romanoff's tendency to be preoccupied by his speciality, and to see life in terms of Soviet ideology and feminine psychology.

Novels about Balkan countries are rare, and "Kyra, My Sister," if a favourable specimen, does not make one wish to see them multiplied. Its theme is a disagreeable one, and will repel most readers. The book has merits; vigour, humour, humanity, an individual point of view; but the characters are scarcely civilised, and their lives, when not illuminated by a fairy-tale quality recalling the Arabian Nights, are squalid and almost bestial.

"Soldier's Pay," too, has a painful theme. An American officer, incurably mutilated and injured by the war, returns to his native country. The question of whether he can be married, and if so, who shall marry



# The Mace of the House of Commons:

THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS EMBLEM OF AUTHORITY.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH, Author of "The Pageant of Parliament."

In the House of Commons on July 17, Mr. Beckett (Peckham; Labour) caused an astonishing scene by seizing the Mace and bearing it down the floor of the House towards the Bar. He was stopped before he had reached the Bar, and the Mace, having been taken from him, was re-set in its place on the table by the Serjeant-at-Arms. Thereupon, the

Speaker named Mr. Beckett for disorderly conduct and, on the motion of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, he was suspended from the service of the House. That being so, particular interest attaches to the article here printed.

Of all those objects in the House of Commons which are associated with the long and moving story of Parliament, the one most potent in awakening historic memories is the Mace. It is the emblem of the House's authority, as exercised through the Speaker, and when the House is constituted and the Speaker, in wig and gown, sits in his high Chair, it rests, prominent and glittering, raised on supports, at the end of the great Table which separates the opposing Front Benches. The Mace is of silver, gilt with gold. It is just under five feet in length, and it weighs about 230 ounces. Its head consists of a Royal Crown, the arches of which are surmounted by a cross. Its staff is artistically ornamented. So well burnished is it that, as it lies on the Table, it seems as if wrought of solid gold.

There have been three Maces of the House of Commons. The original Mace disappeared in the confusion attending the execution of Charles I., at Whitehall, in 1649, and historians have failed to trace its fate. No

Table of the House by his men-at-arms on that historic day in April 1653, when he summarily dismissed the "Rump" of the Long Parliament. That Mace also disappeared. It was said some years ago that the Mace in use in the Legislative Council of Jamaica was Cromwell's "bauble"; but Mr. Peel, who was Speaker of the House of Commons at the time, had the matter investigated, and, finding that the Mace was of eighteenth-century workmanship, properly decided that the claim made for it was unfounded. The third Mace (now in use) has neither date, inscription, nor maker's name, but bears, just below the Crown, the monogram, "C.R.," with the Rose below and the Crown above. It was first used at the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660. Another statement which I have come upon in the course of my researches is that this Mace was actually Cromwell's Mace, and that its original Republican head was replaced by its present regal symbols in order to fit it for use at the Restoration. But there appears to be no doubt now that the Mace was made specially for the House of Commons of Charles II. The Mace remains in the charge of the Serjeant-at-Arms during the Session. At the close of the Session he hands it over to an official of the Crown at the Tower, getting a receipt for it; and it is kept under lock and key until Parliament meets again.

So far, we are on sure ground, and our view historically is clear. But as we try to look farther back a mist blurs our vision. When did the Mace first become associated with Parliament?—when did it begin to have its present all-important part in the forms and procedure of the House of Commons? For one thing, the House of Commons is powerless to transact business without the Mace. It is strange that history yields us no answer to these questions; but we may make some reasonable assumptions, having regard to what went before. Originally a mace was a regular weapon in warfare, and, being made of iron, was often capable of breaking through the strongest armour. England, following the example of France, formed a royal bodyguard of Serjeants-at-Arms, provided with maces, and when Parliament became divided into two Houses the King lent them two of his Serjeants-at-Arms, with the result that ever since there has been a Serjeant-at-Arms and a Mace—not as a weapon, but as a staff of office—in both Lords and Commons.

As time went on, the Mace was utilised for the purposes with which we are familiar in the annals of the House of Commons for centuries. The House has no corporate existence unless the Mace is within the Chamber. The House is sitting when the Mace is on the Table; it is in Committee of the whole House when the Mace is on a shelf beneath the



THE FORCIBLE REMOVAL OF THE MACE AT CROMWELL'S SUMMARY DISMISSAL OF THE "RUMP" OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT: THE TAKING-AWAY OF "THAT FOOL'S BAUBLE" IN APRIL 1653.

been elected he carries the Mace shoulder-high and places it on the Table for all to see.

Wherever the Speaker goes attended by the Mace, his authority is paramount. Accordingly, the Mace has its purpose in determining the jurisdiction of Commons and Lords, and emphasising the ancient jealousy of the Houses in that respect.

Black Rod, the messenger of the Lords, is never allowed free admission to the House of Commons. Frequently in the course of a Session he is sent to summon the Speaker and Commons to the Lords to hear the Royal Assent given to Acts which have passed both Houses. He is preceded along the corridors between the two Chambers by an usher shouting, "Hats off, strangers; make way for Black Rod." But the stout oaken doors of the Commons' Chamber is banged in his face by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and it is not until he humbly knocks three times with the ebony rod he carries that he is given admission. Then comes the turn of the Lords to assert their privilege. The Speaker is accompanied to the Lords by the Serjeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace shoulder-high and preceded by an usher shouting "Hats off, strangers; make way for the Speaker." But, on reaching the Lords' Chamber, the Serjeant-at-Arms has to surrender the Mace to the door-keeper of the Lords until the ceremony is over, and so the Speaker enters the presence of the Lords deprived of the symbol of his authority.

This, then, is the sacred emblem on which John Beckett, Labour Member for Peckham, laid irreverent hands on July 17, 1930. The date will be a red-letter one in Parliamentary annals, for the affront to the dignity and decorum of the House is unprecedented. Never before in the ancient history of Parliament did anyone of its tens of thousands of Members contumeliously seize the Mace for the admitted purpose of stopping business. Beckett has linked his name with Cromwell's in Parliamentary history, but the link is one of ignominy. I witnessed the incident from the Reporters' Gallery, and what impressed me, apart from the daring and insolence of the thing, was the demeanour of the House. The Chamber was packed with Members; but no one moved or raised a hand to stop Beckett. It was



THE MACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE EMBLEM WITHOUT WHICH THE HOUSE HAS NO CORPORATE EXISTENCE.

"The House is sitting when the Mace is on the Table; it is in Committee of the whole House when the Mace is on a shelf beneath the Table—not seen, but still present." This—the present Mace, and the third—was first used at the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660.

doubt, it was melted down and sold as precious metal. Cromwell ordered another Mace to be made by Thomas Maundy, a silversmith, of Fetter Lane, London, and this was used during part of the ten years the Commonwealth lasted. It was this Mace which the Protector stigmatised as "that fool's bauble," ordering its removal from the



"WHEREVER THE SPEAKER GOES, ATTENDED BY THE MACE, HIS AUTHORITY IS PARAMOUNT": THE SPEAKER, PRECEDED BY THE MACE, ACCOMPANIED BY BLACK ROD, AND FOLLOWED BY THE FAITHFUL COMMONS, ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON THE OCCASION OF A STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

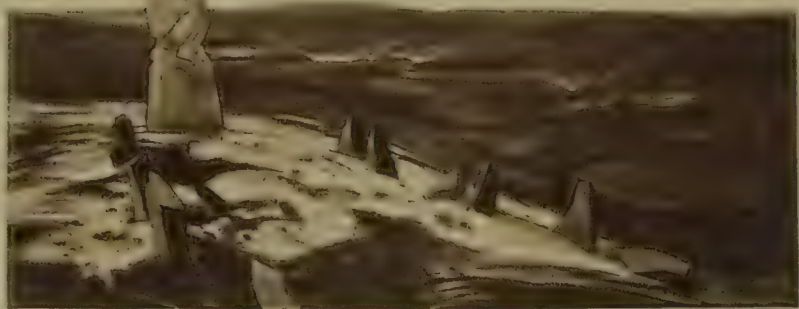
Table—not seen, but still present. There is significance also in the varying manner in which its custodian, the Serjeant-at-Arms, carries it. At the assembling of a new Parliament, after the General Election, the Serjeant-at-Arms brings in the Mace resting in the hollow of his left arm, and conceals it beneath the Table, and when the Speaker has

an extraordinary manifestation of the corporate self-control of the House of Commons. But more than that, it showed how rigidly the House is bound by its rules of conduct, written and unwritten. Only an official of the House, by direction of the Speaker or Serjeant-at-Arms, and for the preservation of order, may interfere with a Member.



## BY AN ARTIST WHO HAS A MUSEUM TO HIMSELF: WORKS BY ROERICH.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY NICHOLAS ROERICH.



"THE GUARDIAN OF THE CHALICE." (MONGOLIA.)



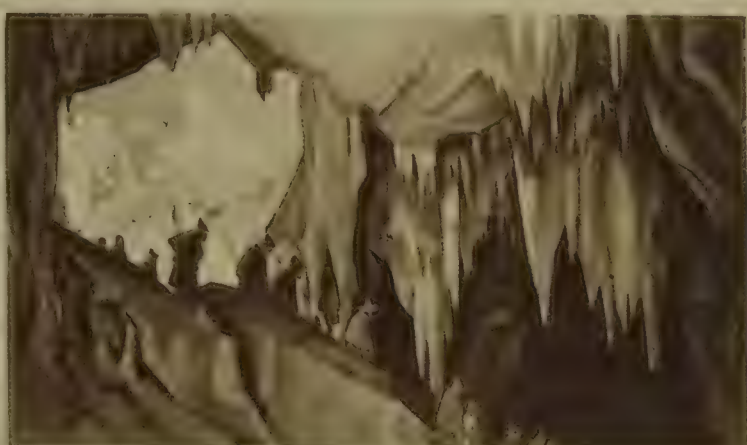
"CASTLES OF TIBET."



"KANCHENJUNGA": A ROERICH PAINTING OF THE GREAT HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN WHICH DEFIED THE INTERNATIONAL CLIMBING EXPEDITION THIS YEAR.



"CHATU GOMPA, ON THE BRAHMAPUTRA."



"THE SUBTERRANEAN 'TUBE.'" (HIMALAYAS.)

Professor Nicholas Roerich is artist, archæologist-explorer, and a firm believer in the motto he has chosen for himself: "Art Will Unify All Humanity." In other words, he is famous not only for his paintings and for his researches in the Himalayas, but for his endeavours to promote international understanding. Recently, after several years spent in Central Asia, he was in London. Then he was in France, for the City of Paris had asked him to give an exhibition of his pictures in the Palace of Fine Arts. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with his career is the fact that there is in being, and in constant growth, a Museum wholly devoted to his art, which is at present represented there

by over a thousand specimens. This—the Roerich Museum, New York—was founded in November 1923, and was opened to the public in March 1924. It has various other foundations associated with it—all devoted to the furtherance of the ideals of brotherhood through art, and a greater understanding between the nations. Attached also is "Urusvati," the Himalayan Research Institute, which has its headquarters in the Kulu Valley, Western Himalayas; and there is, further, the Society of Friends of the Roerich Museum, a body formed to further international cultural progress. It should be added that Professor Roerich was born in Russia, fifty-five years ago.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### THE STORY OF TAPESTRY.—II. ENGLAND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

unlike silver plate, could not be melted down during the Civil War to supply Charles I. with money), and the history of the enterprise is, on the whole, very well documented.

In its early days Charles, a patron of art if ever there was one, not only helped the director by lavish orders, but was of invaluable assistance in other ways. His taste was admirable, and his knowledge considerable. It is to him, acting, it is said, with the advice of Rubens, that the nation owes the acquisition of the Raphael cartoons of the Acts of the Apostles that are now to be seen on loan from H.M. the King in a special gallery at South Kensington. I make no excuse for referring to them at length, not only because they are magnificent works of art, but because they are so famous that hardly

subsequent history is romantic, for at the sale of the King's Collection they were bought in. by Oliver Cromwell for £300! Charles II. almost sent them to Paris: since then they have not been out of the possession of the Royal Family.

Up to the time of the Civil War the Mortlake productions were of very high quality indeed. Perhaps the finest of these early years was the set illustrating the story of Mars and Venus, one of which I reproduce. These were copied from 16th-century cartoons, but the borders are of contemporary design. The Civil War naturally brought disaster, and the weavers—without exception artisans from the Netherlands—found themselves the creditors of a bankrupt King to the extent of nearly £4000, and with no orders in hand. Their appeal to their countrymen of the

Dutch Church in London bears eloquent testimony to their distress. It is dated 1645. "We again request you to assist us so that this winter we may keep together: we know not what to do for a living, we do not want to deceive or molest you, but only to make a tapestry for you of The Acts of the Apostles." Oddly enough, the Church ordered a tapestry of "The Hunters' Chase" instead!

Somehow the factory survived both the war and the Commonwealth. It cannot be said that a Puritan régime ever fosters great art, but it is fair to point out that, under the Lord Protector, Mortlake produced a very fine series after the great Mantegna design at Hampton Court—the triumph of Julius Cæsar. Under Charles II. the royal grant was discontinued, and the great days were definitely over. The most easily ac-

cessible survivals of this period are the tapestries at Hampton Court representing the Battle of Solebay (1672), extraordinarily charming pieces, but which, in the attempt to be accurate historical documents, leave something to be desired as works of art. The Mortlake works were finally closed in 1703.

There were, of course, other tapestry-workers who were established on a smaller scale. Some, notably William Benood, of Lambeth, were doubtless trained at Mortlake. The Poyntz family—two of whose members, Francis and Thomas, were responsible for a remarkable document (1667) advocating what we should now call a safeguarding duty for the industry—lived and worked for many years in Hatton Garden. To-day, the only tapestry workshop in existence is the one founded by William Morris at Merton.

It was a Warwickshire country gentleman who must be given the credit for first establishing a manufactory with a real organisation behind it. This was William Sheldon, who died in 1570, and who must have made a success of the enterprise, as he directed his heirs to carry it on after him. Had Sheldon lived longer, his native county might have remembered him with the same pride as it remembers William Shakespeare; but for some reason or other the business never came to anything when he was no longer there to direct it. The best-known pieces extant are the famous tapestry maps in the Bodleian Library and York Museum. What a chance for a superb series of tapestries in 1588, woven by English hands on English soil! But the story of the Armada was commemorated in a series of ten tapestries designed by Hendrik Cornelisz Vroom of Haarlem, and woven by a Netherlands craftsman, Frans Spierinck. This almost priceless historical document—or rather series of documents, for each piece represented a fleet engagement, with portraits of the English captains in the borders—was destroyed in 1834 when the old Houses of Parliament were burnt to the ground.

By the beginning of the 17th century, this promising Warwickshire experiment seems to have come to an end. It was left for that not very intelligent monarch, James I., to give his patronage—and, indeed, his active assistance—to an enterprise which had better fortune. This was the factory at Mortlake, of which Sir Francis Crane was appointed the first director in 1619. There are many tapestries from Mortlake both in the national collections and in private houses up and down the country (luckily, hangings,



A PIECE OF TAPESTRY WOVEN AT MORTLAKE IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I. FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS CHARLES I.) OR IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. IN HONOUR OF CHARLES II.: "THE GODS DISCOVERING THE AMOURS OF MARS AND VENUS."

This piece of tapestry was woven at Mortlake in the latter part of the reign of James I. (d. 1625) for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I.; or, possibly early in the reign of Charles I. in honour of Charles II. (b. 1630). The Prince of Wales's badge and the motto, "Ich Dien," in the centre of the top border, should be noted. The piece is one of nine, illustrating incidents of the story of Mars and Venus, which were woven originally in Brussels in the first half of the sixteenth century and were reproduced several times at Mortlake.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

anybody goes to see them! I had not looked at them for years till a few days ago. The gallery was empty save for a young man and a girl, who were certainly not thinking of Raphael, and seemed rather pained by my appearance. Nowadays, we are inclined to look down upon Raphael as faultlessly academic: I can only say that the dramatic power of these cartoons, and the noble simplicity of the figures, leave one breathless.

Copies of these superb designs are among the very finest of the productions of the Mortlake looms, and are by general consent far superior to the set originally made from them by Peter Van Aelst of Brussels to the order of Pope Leo X. in the previous century. As was the custom at the time, the designs remained the property of the tapestry-maker after the order was completed. This, of course, accounts for their acquisition by Charles. Their



## LOTS SOLD FOR HIGH PRICES: PIECES OF MUCH VALUE UNDER THE HAMMER.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



SOLD FOR £3360: "A RIVER SCENE."  
BY SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL.



SOLD FOR £16,800: "A LANDSCAPE,  
WITH BROAD ROAD AND SPORTS-  
MAN."—BY MEINDERT HOBBEEMA.



SOLD FOR £3097 10s.: A LOUIS XVI. OBLONG  
PARQUETERIE TABLE WITH A PAINTED  
SEVRES PORCELAIN TOP.



SOLD FOR £5800: AN ELIZABETHAN SILVER-GILT ROSE-WATER  
DISH, DATING FROM 1599 AND MADE FOR THE HUSBAND OF  
"THE BOLD LADY OF CHESHIRE."



SOLD, WITH TWO WINE-CISTERNS AND A  
COMPANION PIECE, FOR £4000: AN OVIFORM  
URN AND COVER.



SOLD, WITH SIX OTHERS, FOR £4095: GOBELINS TAPESTRY FAUTEUILS.



SOLD, WITH FOUR OTHERS, FOR £4410: QUEEN ANNE WALNUT ARM-CHAIRS.

All the pieces here illustrated were sold at Christie's last week. The River Scene by Salomon van Ruysdael is 30½ in. by 45. The landscape by Hobbema is signed, and is 37 in. by 50 in. Smith said of it: "This capital production may be classed among the master's best works." The Louis XVI. oblong parqueterie table is stamped A. Weisweiler, and is 17 in. wide. It has a drawer fitted with a writing-slide. Its top is set with a Sevres porcelain plaque painted with a basket of roses, cornflowers, and green ribands in pale-blue oeil-de-perdrix borders. In the centre of the Elizabethan rose-water

dish, which is from the collection of Lord Delamere, and is 19 in. in diameter, is a boss with a silver medallion with the arms of Cholmondeley impaling Holford. It must have been made for Sir Hugh Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley (d. 1601), who married Mary, daughter and heir of Christopher Holford of Holford, about 1583. Lady Cholmondeley won fame as a litigant when fighting for lands which had descended to her from her father, and James I. dubbed her "the bold lady of Cheshire." The lot in which the oviform urn and cover figured included also a companion urn and a pair of wine-cisterns. The latter, each 22½ in. long and 8½ in. deep, are by Ralph Leeke, 1698. The urns and covers are, the one, by Leeke, c. 1695 (26 in. high); the other bearing the Paris date letter for 1710 and the maker's mark, HR, with fleur-de-lys and branches. The eight Gobelins tapestry fauteuils, two of which we show, come from the Vanderbilt Collection.





FLECKED MUSTARD, GREY AND BLACK: A SMART TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE FOR SCOTLAND WITH THE DRESS OF STOCKINETTE KNITTED LIKE TWEED, IN THE SAME COLOURINGS AS THE ACCOMPANYING TWEED COAT, AN AUTUMN MODEL AT AQUASCUTUM.

## TRAVELLING EQUIPMENT.



SCOTTISH DIAGONAL TWEED CLEVERLY HANDLED: A WELL-CUT COAT OF UNUSUAL DESIGN IN SHADES OF BEIGE AND CHOCOLATE, TRIMMED WITH KRIMMER LAMB. FROM THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF AQUASCUTUM, 100, REGENT STREET, W.



NEW BAGS AND BAGGAGE: THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENTS IN LEATHER. ILLUSTRATED IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH IS A FEMININE KIT-BAG WITH A PADLOCK SECURING THE ZIP FASTENER, AND AN AMUSING "TENNIS TRAVEL" SET WITH RACKET COVER, HANDBAG, AND BELT IN SHINY LEATHER. THE FITTED CASE BELOW IS A "REVELATION," FROM THE REVELATION SALONS AT 170, PICCADILLY, W.



FOR HOLIDAY GOLF AND WALKING. WELL-BUILT SPORTS SHOES BY RAYNES OF NEW BOND STREET, W. THE "BRACKEN" MODEL ON THE RIGHT HAS STITCHED SADDLE-PIECES, MAKING A NEAT FORM OF DECORATION. ON THE LEFT IS THE "BELVOIR" SHOE, WHICH IS OF FINE CALF, WELL BROGUED. THEY ARE IDEAL FOR TRAVELLING BY BOAT AND TRAIN.





## THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY



A noted medical authority, writing recently of sea-voyaging, as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have helped to bring the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

“Holiday Tours in South Africa” is an informative little book on this new field of travel which will be gladly sent post free on application to :—The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2., and the leading Tourist Agencies.



## GLIMPSES OF OLD VIENNA.

SURELY there are few towns in Europe where there are such surprising contrasts between the ultra-modern in architecture and the very old as in Vienna. Here one sees gigantic new tenements of almost futuristic design, and in their shadow



MODERN VIENNA: A MUNICIPAL BUILDING OF STRIKING SIMPLICITY.

cobbled streets, quaint little houses, and stately palaces hundreds of years old.

A walk through the old quarters of Vienna is one of the most delightful experiences one can imagine. You may be passing by some quite ordinary-looking house, but if you just step inside the big door, you find yourself in a picturesque and charming court surrounded by balconies, which seems to have



A REMARKABLE MONUMENT IN THE HEIGHT OF "BAROQUE" TASTE: THE "PESTSAULE," OR TRINITY COLUMN, ERECTED BY LEOPOLD I. AS A THANK-OFFERING AFTER THE PLAGUE HAD LEFT VIENNA AT THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

come straight out of Schubert's time. If you have come at the right moment, you will find a convivial party seated on wooden benches drinking the good new wine grown on the hills of the Vienna woods.

A little farther on you may come across a market square crowded with stalls, beside each of which sits a woman under an umbrella, a white handkerchief over her head. In the middle of the square there is probably a baroque pillar in commemoration of some historic event. The churches, too, are a never-failing source of pleasure. Many of them have plain exteriors and are sometimes adjacent to houses, so that you scarcely realise that a church is there. Inside, however, they are richly decorated with stained glass, carved marble, and countless images of saints.

It is a comforting thought that the Viennese themselves are as appreciative of their ancient city as is the foreigner, and it is unlikely that these

treasures will fall a prey to modern ideas of town-planning.

An excellent cooling drink which benefits the entire system is Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia, which, taken with a little juice of fresh lemon, makes a delicious beverage. For children, it constitutes a protection against the ills of childhood, and people of all ages find that a daily dose keeps the organs of the body in healthy activity. It is obtainable everywhere, costing 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle.

Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills have recently introduced an entirely new and improved "Wallet" for their "Three Castle" Medium Cigarettes in 10's and 20's. In this ingenious form of packing the cigarettes are well protected, and each cigarette can be easily withdrawn without disturbing the others, an advantage which will be much appreciated. Smokers should ask for the improved "Wallet."



ANCIENT VIENNA: A PICTURESQUE COURTYARD IN AN OLD VIENNESE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.



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*The Old Stager:* "Was the stuff inside good?"

*The Young 'un:* "To tell you the truth I was disappointed—it was rather flat and flavourless and much too sweet. Not a patch on this 'Cordon Bleu.'"

*The Old Stager:* "Ah! It was a case of age — perhaps — *without* quality. In 'Cordon Bleu' you don't get a date but you do get Age *and* Quality."

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*Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants.*



## CREMATION-PIT, "SHRINE AREA," AND OTHER "RUBBISH-HEAP HISTORY."

(Continued from Page 156.)

which were also mended and revealed themselves as ceremonial paint palettes with traces of white paint yet adhering to their surfaces.

Some of these palettes were quite neatly carved, having a variety of designs on the borders, and in some cases the figures of rattle-snakes and small animals were on each corner. One palette was in the form of a lizard. Our greatest thrill came, however, when we uncovered near one of the palettes a thin, sandstone disc bearing upon its surface traces of a mosaic. This disc had been bevelled and drilled for suspension. The form was vaguely familiar, yet we knew it was a stranger to America north of Mexico. Later we found other discs of the same material, of varying sizes from three to five inches in diameter, and from a quarter to half an inch thick, all having traces of the mosaic pattern in the peculiar cement that coated the upper surface. We checked on these discs, and they proved to be none other than the bases of mirrors, the reflecting surfaces of which were once composed of thin polished sections of iron pyrite crystals. These mirrors had passed through the devastating flames of the cremation pyre, and the pyrite facing had disintegrated in the heat.

Such mirrors are unknown in the United States, only one having been found intact, some four years ago, in a cave in Southern Arizona; and, at the time of its discovery, the archaeologists who have studied the cultures of Central America and Mexico doubted that Arizona was its point of origin. The centre of manufacture for such mirrors was in the Department of Quiché, Guatemala, and both the early Mayans and the later peoples in Mexico made and used mirrors having a mosaic facing of iron pyrites, obsidian, and also marcasite. Such mirrors, set in painted and carved wooden frames, have also been found in Peru.

Here, then, was our first concrete bit of evidence of the contact of the highly-developed civilisations with the ancient tribesmen of the north. When the pottery was washed, and we began going over the fragments, sorting and restoring, we found many shallow tripod vessels and forms of bowls that were also southern in their aspect. Hence, here we had, in the carved shell and bone, in the twined snakes indicative perhaps of the old serpent cult of Middle America which reached north into the Pueblo area in some distant forgotten era, but died out in the intermediate territory, in the mosaic mirrors, and in the many odd forms of pottery vessels, quite strong proof of the complex cultural contacts which connected the later civilisations of the arid regions in New Mexico and Arizona and the tropical regions of Middle America.

We found the heads and torsos of rude pottery figurines similar in aspect to those discovered further south; seemingly additional proof of the contact. Of the later, heavy house walls we did not find a single trace,

but by intensive testing we located about thirty dwellings of a very primitive sort. These were semi-subterranean in character, being merely shallow holes dug in the earth and having the sides plastered with adobe. Near some of them were open, conical-shaped baking-pits, the sides heavily encrusted with charred earth, half-filled with small burned stones about the size of a tennis ball.

Just to the east of the Cremation Ground we began encountering small heaps of broken pottery, heaps of burned deer antlers and other deposits of burned cores of mountain sheep horns. We were puzzled by these sporadic deposits, but after we had uncovered some five or six came to the conclusion that this had been some sort of a Shrine Area, and so we designated it. Some five or six isolated burials were found near this area, but there were no interments related to the piles of shattered vessels.

In this area we also encountered the badly eroded remnants of what appeared to be a floor, but we could not find a single wall. On this floor was a very well preserved fire-pit similar to the cooking fireplaces found in each house. Resting near this fire-pit was the half of a thin-walled pottery bowl. When this was cleaned we saw at a glance that it was an intrusive piece, a stranger that had drifted in from the north. The design was black on grey-white. At first it bothered us. We had discovered it *in situ* in an area where we had as yet not encountered a single sherd in place that differed from the type pottery of the Valley and of the earliest period. Would this single bowl upset our theories of the early occupation? With anxious hearts we consigned the bowl to a man who had worked in the northern area. He reported back that it was of the Pueblo I. period. That encouraged us. Later we showed it to other experts who were also familiar with the earlier northern cultures. Independently, they all pronounced it early Pueblo I. or late Basket-Maker III. These reports were valuable, since they gave us an approximate dating of our find.

In a way, it is a rather roundabout method. For some years past Dr. Douglass, of the University of Tucson, Arizona, has been examining the rings of thousands of trees, alive and dead, taking borings from the beams of cliff dwellings, modern and prehistoric Pueblos, and arranging, as it were, a tree calendar by means of which he is able to compute the ages of many of the old ruins of the South-West. On the other hand, the archaeologists have been classifying the pottery and assigning the various type vessels to different periods; thus, by taking pottery from certain strata in ancient sites at which borings have been taken from beams in the ruined houses, we are able to assign more or less definite dates to that ruin. Consequently, when we know, for example, that Pueblo III. period is dated around 1100 A.D., and assuming that the Pueblo people did not reach the acme of their culture within a thousand years, and knowing that the vessel we found in the midst of our pure, early red-on-buff site is of Pueblo I. period, we may with some degree of safety assume that the

people of the Gila Valley were already in a flourishing condition by 100 or 200 B.C. How much further beyond that we may go will depend ultimately upon the decision as to the actual dating of Pueblo I. At present we are assuming the date for the period of Gila culture to which we refer to be around the beginning of the Christian era, and that, we believe, is a conservative estimate. The pottery in the Gila is decorated with an intricate variety of designs, different in character from the Pueblo pottery; the colouring is a red on a buff or grey-white background.

The vessels range from tiny ladles to huge storage ollas. There are fine, polished bowls, vessels that have graceful bell shapes, square and oblong boxes, tripod ware, ollas with sharply recurved rims, and bowls of all sizes. We uncovered several caches of plates. These plates are quite similar in shape to our saucers and are from five to twenty inches in diameter. They are plain and decorated. When we found these primitive "china cabinets," the plates were very carefully stacked in the caliche pits, one on the other. Sometimes we found large sherds taken from large ollas very neatly trimmed and ground down to resemble the regular plates. Among the shallow vessels we found plates that had been tripod ware, but we discovered that in each case the legs had been neatly removed in order that the plates might stack well.

The designs on the vessels range from simple meandering frets to complicated masses of scrolls, herring-bone patterns and geometric figures. The pelican was a favourite bird design, as were the quail and the parrot (and there are no parrots in Arizona). Human figures, reptile and animal figures, and the well-known and well-drawn swastika are likewise found. Here, too, are seen the star, and well-defined crosses. All the designs differ from the pottery found in other parts of the country. Work will be carried on in the Gila to determine if there are other sites similar to the one which has yielded so prolifically so much new and valuable material. This work must be carried on quite rapidly, however, since the greater part of the arable land is now coming under a new irrigation system, and unless these sites can be examined within the next five years they will be lost for ever.

At present the trail leads south. It is a dim trail at best. Back-tracking down two thousand years without either oral or written tradition to guide the searcher and nothing save low, almost indistinguishable trash-mounds lost in wild arid mountains and valleys amidst heavy thickets of mesquite, creosote and palo verde, hedged in with giant sahuaro and bristling cholla cactii, is no simple matter. However, we believe we have two or three such places located, and a few hours' work with trowel and brush will tell us what we wish to know. Our South-West is so great and the work so new that our task is just begun. Where we leave off others will take up the task, and some day we may know something of the prehistory of this part of the New World.

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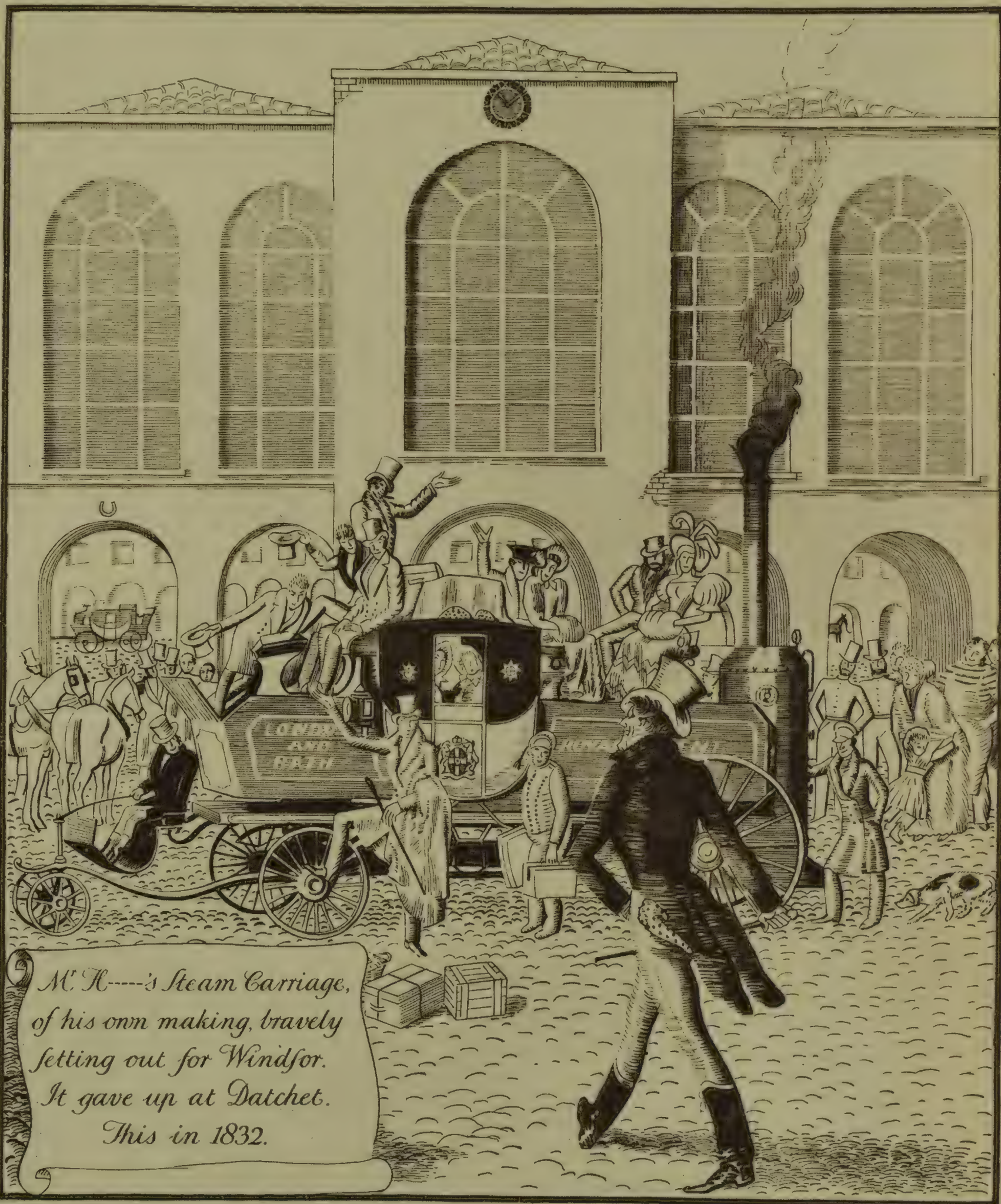
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# TRANSPLANTED TEMPLES: NATIVE GODS FOR COLOURED RECRUITS.

(See Illustrations on Page 161.)

NO man was ever better fitted to fill an appointment than Colonel E. Lame was to take command of the immense French military encampment for coloured soldiers at Fréjus in the South of France. It is due to his ideas that this extraordinary experiment in the international relations of many varied races—one of the most remarkable ever attempted by a governing nation—has been made a successful reality. A quarter of a century ago, Colonel Lame, then a young officer just through the difficult training of the French Military Academy, and looking toward the future, chose foreign service. In Africa he spent five years, ranging from Senegal to Madagascar, and always he was interested in the life, languages, and varied religions of the natives.

Then he was transferred to French Indo-China. There he set out to master the Annamite language. He passed his examinations in the "higher" tongue; and also became fluent in that of the coolies; and at the end of eleven years he became the only officer in the French Army with a perfect command of the two languages of this people. Simultaneously he took up the study of Buddhism. He was made a Mandarin, an honour seldom conferred on white men. All these happenings were the hand of destiny pointing towards Fréjus, where all Colonel Lame's specialised knowledge and his sixteen years of experience in dealing with men of many races were found to be needed.

Two thousand years ago, Fréjus was a famous Roman military post. And to-day the French, repeating history, use the spot for the same purpose. Here all the conscripts of the various coloured races to-day subject to France are received; men from lands so varied as Senegal, the Sudan, Madagascar, and Indo-China: yellow men and blacks of many shades. From 3000 to 5000 are quartered here all the time. After various periods of tuition in military duties and in comportment in a land of white civilisation, the conscripts are allotted to various garrisons. But it is to Fréjus all come first.

When Colonel Lame took command his years of dwelling in the lands of all these various men, his

profound interest and study of their customs and religion, led him to seek ways of making their alien surroundings as congenial to the homesick arrivals as possible. In this, he had the climate to aid him. While not tropical, the temperature at Fréjus is the nearest to that to which most of the colonials are accustomed. The Colonel had many additional palm trees planted. And then he began that programme of transplanting and duplicating temples which makes the experiment at Fréjus unique in the history of military organisation.

For the Colonel's study in different climes had taught him the important part religion plays in all these men's lives. Though these black and yellow men under his charge were poles apart in beliefs and ritual, all had a religion, varying from the highly philosophic tenets of the Buddhist Annamites to the warlike religion of Mohammed, and the immensely older and more primitive religion of Fetishism, which goes back to the beginning of time. In carrying out his work, the Colonel received the approval and assistance of the French Government (an outstanding example in religious toleration).

In the heart of that part of the immense camp in which are quartered certain of the Sudanese and Senegalese troops who are Mohammedans, the Colonel erected a concrete replica of the sort of Missiri that is to be found in any average native village in Africa. Some forty feet square, this very plain edifice raises its turrets and straight walls to the sky. The interior is open to the heavens, a huge court, inches deep in desert sand, with a square of cement in the centre upon which the Marabout spreads his prayer rug after calling the Faithful to prayer from the tower. This Missiri is different from other Mohammedan mosques found in other parts of Africa in that little projections stick out from the wall. Upon these the savage warriors in their native haunts formerly put the heads of enemy taken in raids! The Missiri at Fréjus is faithful even to this last horror-recalling detail.

On a neighbouring rise of ground, a few hundred yards from the Missiri, is a little group of thatched huts, all brought from the heart of Africa, whence come the most primitive of the French conscripts. But these buildings are more than dwellings; they

are sacred houses in which dwell the queer idols of the Fetishists. Before the principal temple stand, upraised, the skulls of two of the enormous cattle common to certain parts of Africa. These are very holy symbols to the Fetishists. Within three different houses are gathered a collection of idols in clay and wood.

In the Annamite section of the camp, on a hillside, is the most elaborate of the varied temples; a Buddhistic pagoda, artistic in carved beams, in walls adorned with paintings of ibis and cranes, in the lotus symbol of the religion, and in statues of genii. The striking part about this temple is that every bit of the work has been done by common soldiers. The temple is protected by two life-size statues modelled in the clay from a nearby quarry. These stand just within the entrance, on either side of an enormous square praying-table. Upon this three Bonze (orthodox Buddhist priests), attired in gorgeous robes, sit Turkish-fashion and hold service before an altar loaded with beautiful vases and boxes wrought in brass.

The pagoda overlooks miles of rows of white headstones, the graves of 24,000 colonial troops who died as the result of the Great War. Thus, in the heart of France there have been reared to-day the temples of all the varied religions believed in by the young men who come to France to serve their three years of military service.

Soon after this transplanting and duplication of temples, a tremendous fête was held by the troops. From the far-away depths of African jungle, a native king came in state to attend. High officials of Annam looked upon a reproduction by the troops in costume of some of the historic processions of their land. Black men performed dances and feats of skill learned in the far-away and silent places of the Dark Continent. And, in the place of honour, looked upon almost with adoration by his varied soldiers, was Colonel Lame.

Yet Fréjus is so seldom visited by travellers, and so reticent are the French military authorities, that it was only through a chance visit of your correspondent and a week of dwelling there that it became possible to make public this story of a unique experiment.

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One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can

make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

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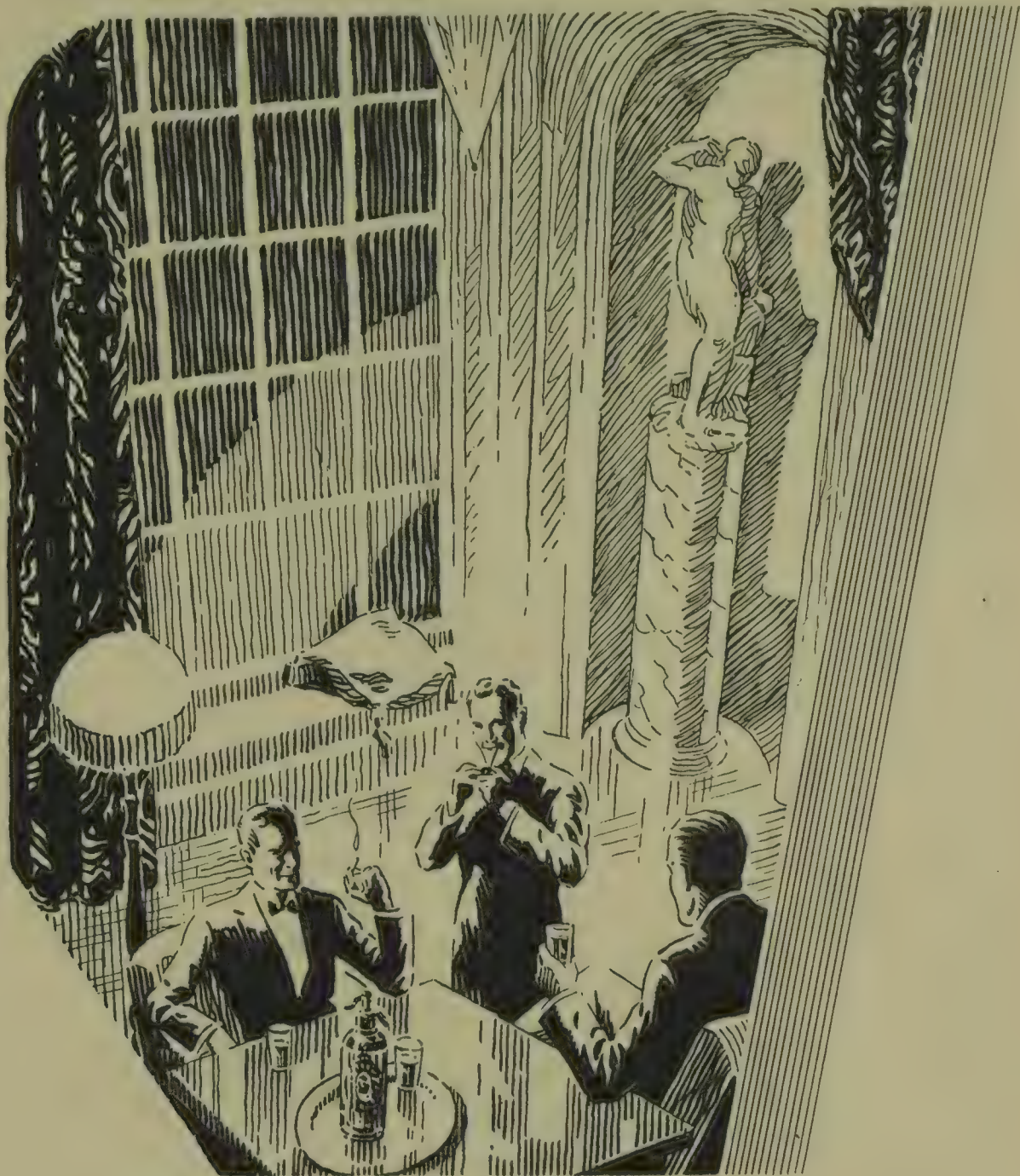
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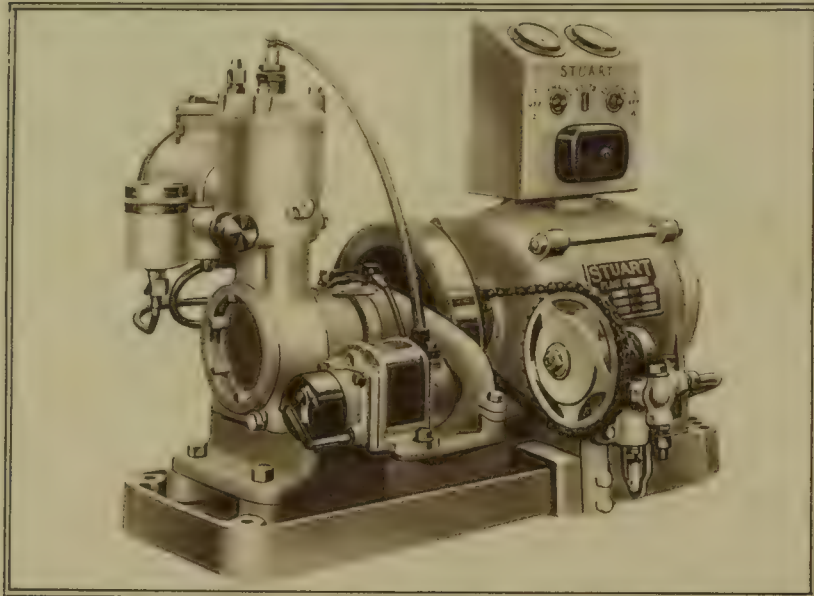
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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—XCI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

IN this age of electricity and labour-saving devices, it is natural that users of pleasure motor-craft should expect all the drudgery connected with life on board to be obviated by its means. Practically everything in a vessel can be electrically operated, including heaving up the anchor, lighting, the ventilating fans, pumping, cooking and heating, etc.; but the price of boats so fitted is, of course, higher than those without these luxuries, but not so great as may be imagined. In this connection I paid a visit recently to Messrs. Stuart Turner, Ltd., of Henley-on-Thames, who make the well-known electric generating plants so popular with the Post Office for telephone work, and which are also found in so many yachts and motor-cruisers. I asked them whether they built a set that will do all the "donkey work" of a 40 to 45 ft. cruiser, and, if so, what



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THE "STUART" 150-WATT GENERATOR.

The seven-cell battery will light eight 12-watt 20-c.p. motor-car lamps for ten hours, and a larger number of lamps for short periods. With the engine running, twelve lamps can be lit continuously, and small ventilating fans can be used.

its cost, output, and running expenses would total. The reply I received was that their 750-watt outfit would be suitable for the purpose, in conjunction with a 50-volt 27-cell battery of 150 ampere hours, providing a certain routine was practised. For example, heating, cooking, and weighing the anchor by electric power require considerable current and would throw an undue strain on the battery. When these operations were performed, therefore, it would be necessary for the plant to be running the whole time. There is, of course, no objection to doing this, for neither cooking nor anchor work lasts for a long time, whilst a good electric radiator very soon heats up the cabins in a small cruiser to an excessive temperature, which necessitates cutting off the current. A mechanically-driven bilge pump, that can be used also for supplying the water for washing decks and that delivers 300 to 500 gallons of water per hour, can also be supplied to operate off this set when it is running. As it is estimated that cooking or anchor work requires 1½ to 2 kilowatts, it would not be possible for both to be in operation simultaneously; but that is a matter which can easily be arranged with a little forethought. Refrigerators take approximately 250-300 watts, whilst fans and vacuum cleaners, etc., are well within the range of a 750-watt set of this kind.

As regards running costs, it can generally be assumed that sixpence per unit will not be exceeded (including battery and line losses), for the 750-watt plant will run for five hours on one gallon of petrol. The space occupied by this plant is only 32 in. by 15 in., whilst its height is 26 in., and the cost about £120 complete in all respects, but not including installation, cooking stoves, electric capstans, bilge pump, etc. These items should not exceed £125, and should be considerably less; so the gross total should not be more than £250, or at the



WITH THE KING OF SPAIN AS A PASSENGER: AN EIGHT-SEATER "SEA KING"  
SEA RUNABOUT WHICH WILL TRAVEL AT 35 M.P.H.

most £300. From this sum, however, must be deducted the value of the hand capstan, oil or coal stove, and all the usual fittings that would be necessary in any case. In actual practice, therefore, the "all electric" 45-ft. cruiser should not cost more than £200 more than a vessel fitted up in the usual way.

Now, the owner who can afford to pay for a 45-ft. cruiser can surely afford £200 extra in order to obtain real comfort, and perhaps dispense with the services of one paid hand at the same time.

For small 30-ft. cruisers the ½ h.p. 150-watt set is available, which will run fans in addition to the lights, but is not powerful enough to supply heat for cooking; though at night-time, after all the other lights have been switched off, there is no reason why one large lamp should not be lit for heating purposes. Sets of this sort can be obtained for under £60.





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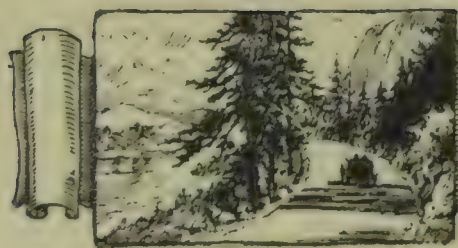
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

**L**ISTENING to some of the croakers of the smoking-room one would imagine that England never can do the right thing. A most nonsensical idea! I know that England still maintains its position as the

### Self-Changing Gear-Boxes.

With non-rusting metal-work on our cars in the near future, cleaning will become a very simple matter. Also I am quite sure that various forms of self-changing gear-boxes will be a common feature to most automobiles.

Last week I had a pleasant run in a 15-h.p. six-cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley coach-built saloon with self-changing gears for its four-speed (forward) box. Its cost is £450 complete. The third speed is as silent as the top, so that it is difficult to tell by the ear which ratio one is on even in the driving seat; it is impossible for the passenger on the back cushions. That is a virtue, of course, but it is the safety of the pre-selective gear control that will make the whole motoring community clamour for its general adoption.

to the selected gear. A child of ten can do it. The only care required is when starting from rest. Then the clutch pedal, after being fully depressed to engage first or second gear, must be allowed to come gently back to its normal position with the left foot while the right foot gently depresses the accelerator pedal. Otherwise if you are rough in this foot-work the clutch engagement is apt to jerk the car forward instead of allowing it to glide away as it should do.



ON A 6½-LITRE BENTLEY: H. J. MULLINER'S "PANEL FABRIC" COACHWORK.

H. J. Mulliner's "panel-fabric" coachwork, which the firm exhibited for the first time at last year's Motor Show, is now available on Bentley chassis to order. Messrs. Bentley Motors, Ltd., are the first car-manufacturers to adopt this coachwork for their own cars; and the above example on a 6½-litre Bentley shows how closely it resembles the coach-built appearance. At the same time, it is flexible, silent, and light, without any of the disadvantages of the average fabric body.

leading engineering country of the world, in spite of so much talk of trade depression. An incident happened recently to demonstrate this, when a resident of Potsdam sent the hub of a propeller of a speed boat to be repaired by the "Barimar" welding process, because he was determined to be sure of getting the job done by the most skilful craftsmen possible. As the work on this hub is produced by the power unit (an aeroplane engine of 110 h.p. working at 1400 revs. per min.) of the speed boat, and the propeller is fitted with variable pitch blades, it needed welding particularly skilfully in order to stand up to the intense strains at high speeds.

Mention of high speeds reminds me that Mr. Fred Wright, the "service" manager of General Motors, Ltd. at Hendon, was telling me the other day how the selection of the proper grade of oil will make a noticeable difference in the performance of an engine. Oil with a heavy body has a greater cushioning effect than a light or medium oil, and when used in a badly worn engine will reduce noise to a certain extent. Whereas 1200 revs. per min. was a very usual maximum a decade ago for the engine of an ordinary touring car, to-day it is pushed up to nearer 3000 revs. per min. as a very ordinary performance daily for long periods, with maximums of 6000 revs. per min. for extra speed work. However, lubricating systems of the modern power unit are designed to operate efficiently with a specified grade of oil, and if the oil used be too heavy to circulate properly the engine may be damaged. Consequently, it is best to follow the recommendations of the manufacturers of the car as to the grade of oil to be used, and to avoid wear and tear.

Perhaps I ought to explain that point further. Many people knowingly and unknowingly run risks daily by keeping in top or "high" gear when, to give them greater control of the car in the traffic, they should be driving in a lower gear—itsself a form of engine brake the moment the foot is lifted from the accelerator. They keep in "high" (or top) because they fear to change lest they "clash" or scrape the gear wheels noisily.

With the Armstrong-Siddeley pre-selective gear-box the driver simply puts the small finger-indicator



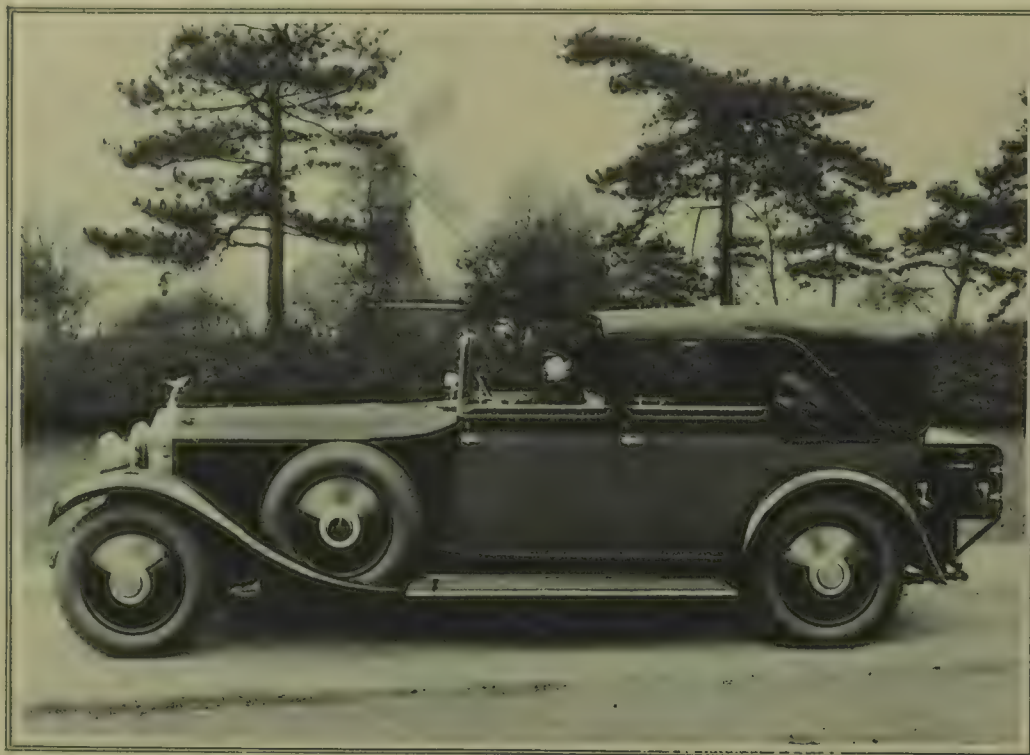
THE NEW SILVER CROSSLEY, A SIX-CYLINDER 15.7-H.P. MOTOR CARRIAGE WHICH HAS JUST BEEN INTRODUCED: AN IMPRESSION OF THE LUXURIOUS INTERIOR.

The New Silver Crossley is priced at £545. It is the product of Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd.

This pre-selection of a gear long before there is need to use it also helps when sudden danger threatens. One can put on the four-wheel brakes and change down all in the same leg-action thrust. This is instantaneous. As a useful car for the Continent, where gear-changing is even more necessary than in the United Kingdom, these Armstrong-Siddeley cars are splendid for touring, and, moreover, well worth their moderate cost. One can average forty miles an hour without difficulty and yet not exceed fifty or fifty-five at any time. Free-wheeling is simple, as one has simply to put the finger-indicator to neutral, push down the pedal, and then free-wheel as long as you like or can. As soon as the free-wheel neutral is engaged, the driver puts the lever back again into second or third speed ready to act as an engine-brake or pick up the drive when the free-wheel run is finished.

A safety device, and one that produces economical runs in fuel consumption, is my opinion of the pre-selective Armstrong-Siddeley gear-box and the cars themselves. "Simplicity with safety" should be adopted as their

slogan: and this is a slogan which every owner-driver, and particularly every lady driver, will no doubt welcome and make their own.



SUPPLIED TO KING MANOEL: A 40-50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE "PHANTOM II," WITH A HOOPER BODY. This Rolls-Royce with a Hooper body has been supplied to King Manoel, to whom it was delivered recently by Messrs. Hooper and Co., the coachbuilders, of St. James's Street.

on the quadrant to any gear ratios he or she wishes to use, and then has only to depress the clutch pedal firmly to produce the automatic and silent change



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(Continued.)

**New Lancia "Dilambda."** On July 14 a new eight-cylinder range of carriages on the "Dilambda" Lancia chassis opened for exhibition at the Pall Mall, S.W.1, show-rooms of this motor manufacturer of high-class carriages. Comfort to their users at high speeds over rough roads is the keynote of these new "Dilambda" carriages. A close-coupled saloon built on the Weymann principle by Messrs. H. J. Mulliner and Co., Ltd., priced £1390, pleased me immensely. The view from the seats is wide; the arm-rests when you want them, and lounge-chair comfort in the seats themselves, are dominant features. One can tour at fifty or more miles an hour without the slightest discomfort, no matter what the road is, on this carriage. A four-door limousine, with a useful locker built into the partition between the seats, is another of these Lancia "Dilambda" carriages that attracts attention in this show-room. It is built by Weymann's Motor Bodies (1925) Ltd., and is high value for its cost of £1275. Two spare wheels are carried at the rear of the chassis when the luggage grid is not wanted, but alternative mountings are provided for by wells in the wings on either side of the scuttle to carry the spare wheels as well. This carriage seats seven persons comfortably. Besides these two models the display includes a Batchelor's two-seater, a super-sporting close-coupled saloon, a four-seater torpedo with Italian coachwork, an enclosed-drive limousine, a four-door all-purpose saloon, and a dual-purpose saloon. Each of these cars has very distinctive features that should appeal to the motorist requiring speed and comfort with character in the design for his carriage. A Pytchley

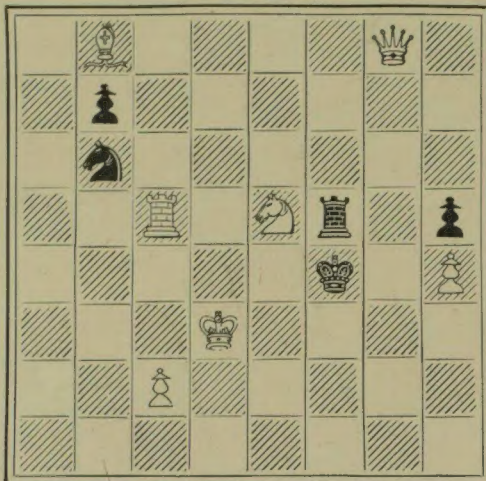
sliding roof is fitted to the dual-purpose saloon, while safety glass is a standard equipment on all these models. It is well worth while visiting these Lancia show-rooms in Pall Mall in order to see the very latest styles of English carriages for gentlefolk.

## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4074.—By T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM).  
BLACK (5 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 1B5Q1; 1P6; 1S6; 2R1Srip; 5K1P, 3K4; 2P5; 8.]

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## WINTER BEATS THE BRITISH CHAMPION.

Mir Sultan Khan does not seem to make much of Winter. At Ramsgate he luckily saved half a point from a lost game, and at Scarborough he was routed. The Indian is inclined to be overbold in the openings, but the Black end of the QGD is apt to bring disaster to the impatient, as in the game given below.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (W. Winter.)	BLACK (Mir Sultan Khan.)	WHITE (W. Winter.)	BLACK (Mir Sultan Khan.)
1. P4	KtKB3	A splendid move, inviting Q×P check.	
2. P4B4	PK3	19.	Q×B
3. KtQB3	P4	20. KtB7ch	KK1
4. BKt5	PB3	21. Kt×R	P×P
5. PK3	BKt5	22. Q6	QK5
6. QB2	QKtQ2	23. Q×RP	
7. KtB3	PKR3	We think Winter need not have bothered about this pawn; Brian Harley suggests 23. QRB1, with the unanswerable threat of RB7.	
8. BR4	PKKt4	23.	BR3
9. BKt3	KtK5	24. Q×P	B×P
10. KtQ2	PKB4	25. Q×KtP	KtB1
11. KKt×Kt	QP×Kt	Against QKt8ch and QB7, but Black's position is clearly lost. The champion, in addition, was in trouble with the clock, and there is obviously no hope of a stalemate this time.	
12. PB3		26. QKR5ch	KQ2
This breaks up the Pawn attack.		27. QB7ch	KQ3
12.	P×P	The Indian is famous for skilful sorties with the King, but this one is <i>volens volens</i> .	
13. P×P	QB3	28. QKt7	Q×KPch
14. Castles	PKt3	29. KKt	BQ6ch
A bad move, allowing attacks on both the long diagonals, with pinning threats. B×Kt should have been played.		30. KR1	KK1
15. QR4	PB5	31. KtB7ch	KQ4
Now B×Kt is too late, because of 16. Q×QBP, attacking the R, pinning the Kt, and threatening BK5 pinning Q to R.		32. RR5ch	BB4
16. Q×B	P×B	33. KtK5	
17. KtK4		Here Black lost on the time limit, but it is obvious that nothing but an air-raid or an earthquake could have saved him. No doubt the champion will walk more delicately through the QGD at Hamburg.	
White does not mind losing a pawn or two, his adversary's position is full of holes.			
17.	Q×BP		
18. KtQ6ch	KQ1		
19. BKt2			

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*Sir Edward:* "Good gracious, Freddy, have a brandy and soda. You look a sight. Been playing rugger or just come from a bargain sale?"

*Freddy:* "Almost as bad. I've been racing; decided to try the 'Tote,' took a hundred with me, and before I'd been on the racecourse five minutes it had gone—pocket picked."

*Sir Edward:* "Bad luck or carelessness?"

*Freddy:* "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

*Sir Edward:* "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

*Freddy:* "Yes; then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more, all trying to get on at the last moment; had a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

*Sir Edward:* "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner?"

*Freddy:* "Yes, but I had to queue up in the pouring rain to get my winnings—was barged into right and left, and to cap it all I never backed another winner. I'm disgusted and fed up! You look jolly comfortable. What have you been doing?"

*Sir Edward:* "Been sitting here doing in comfort exactly what you've been trying to do—back winners. What's more, I've succeeded in backing four—full 'Tote' odds, too."

*Freddy:* "How's that possible?"

*Sir Edward:* "Why, simply by taking advantage of Duggie's wonderful service, 'a "Tote" in every Telegraph Office.' He should have added 'in every home,' because 'phoning is as easy as telegraphing."

*Freddy:* "But how about when you are at the races, one has to go to the 'Tote' then?"

*Sir Edward:* "Not at all—you can wire him up to the 'Off.' Besides, one retains one's dignity, and settles Monday, like a gentleman. That's why I'm so *enthusiastic* about Duggie."

*Follow Sir Edward's advice—  
Write a personal note to  
"Duggie" now, and become  
an equally enthusiastic client.*

# Douglas Stuart

*"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London*